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ON the Fish River in the territory that used to be German Southwest Africa lives a tribe of Hottentots called Bondels. After the war these people, along with the rest of the inhabitants of the district, were mandated to the British Empire and put under the direct control of the Union of South Africa. (The Germans, it will be recalled, were said to have treated the natives harshly and alienated their affections in pre-war years.) The Bondels, it seems, own dogs which they use not only for herding their flocks but for hunting game. Their new British protectors saw that by the aid of their dogs the Bondels were able to sustain life with little labor. They established a dog tax, rising in amount to £10 on five dogs. Quite obviously this was a clever thing to do: either the Bondels would have to get rid of their dogs and earn their living by sweat like honest wage-slaves, or they would pay a tax larger than any European government would dare to lay on its workers. But the Bondels did neither; they kept their dogs, and, as their protectors knew before they levied it, they were unable to come anywhere near paying the tax. Righteously outraged by this example of native obstinacy and disobedience, the South African Government sent airplanes and bombs and blew to pieces some eighty or a hundred men and women and babies of the Bondel tribe. Then they sent the League of Nations a modest report of their stewardship which was duly filed but not read. And that would have been the end of it, except that a delegate from the Republic of Haiti at the recent meeting of the Assembly got up and told the members of the League all about it with enough vivid detail to send them to the file of reports to look the matter up, and to induce the New York *Times* correspondent to send a humorous account of the incident to his paper. And that, as far as we know, *is* the end of it. At any rate the mandate still rests in the hands of the British, who have supplanted the unkind Germans in Southwest Africa; and eighty or a hundred black people are dead; and those who are left have doubtless killed their dogs and gone to work for white men. And the world is still safe, absolutely safe, for imperialism.

WHILE war threatens in the Near East the menace of drastic action by France in western Europe is fading. There is still a possibility that British commercial rivalry may interfere with the Franco-German economic alliance which has been paving the way to political peace, but important industrial groups are definitely adopting this route, so often indicated by *The Nation* as the highroad to European peace and prosperity. The exceptionally perspicacious Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald* reports that French and German dye interests have formed an alliance by which the Germans undertake to improve the French technical installations and the two to share markets; that negotiations for a potash combination are under way; and that a group of fifteen German industrial magnates including representatives of the dye, textile, and other key industries led by Hugo Stinnes and one of the Krupps is planning a visit to Paris which will cement the alliance. The announcement of the Stinnes-de Lubersac agreement for German aid in reconstructing northern France was one of the most hopeful reports in many a day's newspapers. Both gentlemen represent selfish monopoly interests in their own countries, but when those monopoly interests make peace there is new hope of an international calm in which more constructive social movements can get under way. Obviously M. Poincaré has sheathed his sword at the behest of these economic interests, and the announcement that a Dutch and a British bank will loan Germany the money necessary for this year's payment to Belgium indicates a return to an international European policy.

IT is unfortunate that our Government is barred from effective action in behalf of the Armenians and other Christian minorities in Asia Minor by the fact that it still refuses to recognize the one Power which has done anything effective for their protection. While the Allies have proclaimed paper principles and achieved nothing Soviet Russia has actually established an Armenian homeland around Lake Gotcha, and by direct dealings with the Turks has achieved a measure of protection for the Armenians remaining under Turkish suzerainty. Throughout the present Near East crisis Soviet Russia's attitude has been unimpeachable. She has warned England that she would not recognize any one-sided solution reached by British force without consultation with the other Powers; she insists upon the Turkish right to Constantinople and Eastern Thrace which even England recognized six months ago—but with these conditions: first, that Turkish sovereignty shall be conditioned on Turkish protection of minorities, in guarantee-

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ing which Soviet Russia would join; second, free passage through the Straits of the Bosphorus for merchant ships of all nations; and third, freedom from Allied forces or fleets. Prejudice aside, these are the elementary conditions of a permanent and peaceful solution of the problem. They are very close to the conditions which the American commissioners at Paris in 1919 recognized as desiderata. Today we find ourselves unable to support them because our cautious State Department has got no nearer recognizing the existence of the five-year-old Soviet Republic than permission to our Ambassador in Berlin to lunch with the Soviet Foreign Minister.

EVIDENCE that may be truly described as terrible is accumulating in regard to criminal trials in this country in which men have been convicted in a manner which shows their prosecutors to have been either grossly careless or deliberate participants in efforts falsely to condemn the innocent. The accidental errors of the law are sufficiently tragic. If in addition to these we are developing a system whereby public prosecutors may be influenced or bribed to use their powers against innocent persons, then we are in a situation in which every man's life and liberty is in jeopardy. We have in mind three instances: the Mooney case, the convictions after the Centralia tragedy, and the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. The last two are comparatively recent, the first pathetically old. In view of all the revelations of perjury and conspiracy in connection with the conviction of Mooney and Billings it seems incredible that these men are still behind prison bars. The latest charge, made by one Riccardi, formerly one of the California "frame-up" ring employed against Mooney, is that two of the jurors—whose names he gives—were bribed. Equally horrible are facts coming out about the conviction of the seven men now in prison in consequence of the shooting in connection with the Armistice Day parade in Centralia, Washington. Nine of the jury have now repudiated their part in the verdict, four of them signing affidavits that they think the defendants should have been acquitted.

AND now in connection with the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti in Norfolk Country, Massachusetts, comes an accusation that not only weakens that already doubtful conviction, but strikes straight at the integrity of the prosecution itself. Lola R. Andrews has admitted that her identification of Sacco as one of the criminals was "unqualifiedly false and untrue," and she charges that it was made "under the intimidating and coercing influence" of police officers and the District Attorney's office in the fear of revelations in regard to her past. Months before the trial Mrs. Andrews had told the lawyers for the defense that she was unable to identify anyone in the case, but at the trial she testified to having seen Sacco at the place of the double murder for which he and Vanzetti were subsequently convicted. Mrs. Andrews had frequent fainting spells while on the witness stand but the District Attorney, in summing up, declared: "I have been in this office, gentlemen, for now more than eleven years. I cannot recall in that too long service for the commonwealth that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews." The Boston *American* remarks of Mrs. Andrews:

> She is either crazy or someone in the district attorney's office at that time ought to be arrested for attempted murder. . . . But in any event the value of this woman's testimony is now destroyed, and the most careful reexamination of the whole evidence ought to be made by the Governor. . . . And the people ought to consider once more whether they ever have the right to take human life when human evidence is so uncertain.

IT would be unwise for organized labor or its friends to put too much confidence in the assistance they may hope to get from banks because of the story told by William Green, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, that the Harriman National Bank of New York had loaned the organization $100,000 with which to finance the recent coal strike, receiving no security other than the promise of the union to repay the amount. Mr. Green's recital led several other labor leaders to make public similar transactions, the president of the Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Workers recounting that he had borrowed $100,000 in Boston in 1917 to finance the strike in New York City. All of which, as Mr. Dooley would say, is interesting but not conclusive. Banks are primarily business institutions and most of them would doubtless prefer always to conduct their affairs as such. But the little banks are dependent upon larger ones and the larger ones must defer to a limited number of great central institutions that are engaged in industrial politics as well as banking. Let a labor organization become too radical, and see where its credit will go! Now and then a union may get credit from exceptional bankers but let it trust no such luck. For months North Dakota, under the hated Nonpartisan League, could not get a bank to underwrite its bond issue, although neighboring States floated less profitable and no better secured issues with ease. Both safety and economy demand that labor have its own banks.

WE commented adversely on the conduct of the Santa Fé train crews in abandoning their passengers in a desert. Albert Coyle, editor of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Journal*, sends us a copy of an interview he obtained with one of the passengers, a woman over seventy, and an experienced traveler. We quote from it:

> "When we got to Needles Thursday night we were told we had twenty-five minutes for supper. After we had had a good meal at the Harvey House restaurant, which gives excellent service to the patrons of the Santa Fé, we learned that the engine crews who were supposed to pick up the train there refused to go on unless the half dozen armed guards were taken off the train. [These guards were said to have proved that they were a positive danger.] The engineer who brought us into Needles finished his run. He was supposed to stop there. He didn't desert the train at all. And of course Needles is hardly a desert—it's a very thriving little town. Of course it gets hot there—it does in Los Angeles, too." "Did you have enough to eat?" I asked her. "We were very well fed, indeed, at the Harvey House restaurant," she answered. "The first two meals we paid for ourselves, and then the railroad provided excellent meals until we started on our way again. . . . There was always plenty of ice." . . . "How did you spend the time?" I asked her. "The Harvey House has a fine, big lobby," she replied, "and we took life easy. . . . Then when night came we had our choice of sleeping in our berths or out on the lawn surrounding the station or staying with the employees in their homes."

This statement is substantially confirmed by E. H. Dallas, district passenger agent of the Santa Fé at St. Louis in a circular letter to ticket agents printed by *Labor*. Even a representative of the company can afford to tell the truth now that the mischief of the newspaper stories is done.

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AS we go to press the citizens of New Jersey are winding up a lively Senatorial primary campaign by balloting for George L. Record and Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen. The former is running on a platform of concentrated hostility to the big business interests. To break the hold of monopoly upon our natural resources, and upon the machinery of both old political parties, Mr. Record advocates government ownership and operation of the railroads as a first step. In nightly addresses to the voters he has pointed to the special favors given by the railroads to the trusts as the jugular vein of monopoly. Sever that vein, he says, and genuine competition will be free again to bring down prices and give employment to all. Incidentally, this Republican aspirant would raise the taxes on big business, on big incomes and on big inheritances, expel Newberry from the Senate, and repeal the Esch-Cummins railroad law. Early in the primary campaign Senator Frelinghuysen's manager said: "We intend to ignore Record." That, however, was before he knew how big the attendance would be at Mr. Record's tent meetings and how fully the newspapers would report his nightly recital of Mr. Frelinghuysen's acts in the Senate. Every Jersey politician accepted the letter by Secretary of State Hughes in defense of Newberry as a document aimed to help the Senator resist the Record attack. "Has the radical wave that inundated Iowa, North Dakota, Wisconsin, and California spent itself," the Jersey *Journal* asks tremblingly, "or is some of the torrent still to be spilled in New Jersey?"

THE ethics of interviewing are once more brought to the front by the alleged interview with Rudyard Kipling, published by Clare Sheridan in the New York *World*. It is not at all clear that Mr. Kipling was aware that the lady who came to visit him and was a guest at his table was preparing to quote him in her articles on England after the War. Indeed, after her American Diary, in which she criticized with the utmost frankness and often contempt people whose hospitality she accepted, the presumption must be that she failed to notify Mr. Kipling that she was there not as a friend but as a reporter. At any rate, he has vehemently denied that he gave any interview. But the *World* has made use of the opportunity to stir up a sensation because Mr. Kipling was made to say that we had got riches out of war in which we had played a poor part and had not done our share but had driven for a premature peace. So the lion's tail has been twisted vigorously in and out of Congress in what almost bears the aspect of a deliberate attempt to stir up anti-English feeling. A good many Englishmen and most Frenchmen share to a greater or less degree the dissatisfaction with our part in the war attributed to Mr. Kipling. We do not agree with Mr. Kipling—we seldom do—but he certainly has a right to express his honest private opinions at tea without being lambasted about two hemispheres for a breach of international etiquette. The *World*, it seems to us, has stooped not to conquer but to sell a few more copies.

CRITICISM has been directed against the committee of writers and artists organized in New York City to combat the proposed censorship of books, because of the selection of George Creel as chairman. Why head an anti-censorship group, they ask, with America's official censor during the war? The indictment would be telling if it were true. It happens not to be. The only true censorship in the war was exercised by the Navy Department in its examination of telegrams and cablegrams for foreign countries. The suppression of free speech and public assembly that took place within our borders was the work of the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice. Mr. Creel was chairman of the Committee on Public Information, which was a propagandizing, not a censoring, agency. While *The Nation* disapproves of many of Mr. Creel's activities in that connection, it is not fair to hold him responsible for the repressive policies of others. Moreover, his recent statements against the proposed censorship of books have shown a notable breadth of view. What could be better than this, for instance:

> When it comes to the thing called morals . . . there are no fixed standards and exact definitions, for the change in these standards and definitions is as inevitable as continuous. Not only does every age have its own interpretations of vice and virtue, but every race, every creed, and, it might almost be said, every community. . . . Censors, moreover, not only establish fixed standards and definitions, but also pretend to determine effects. Working with cocksure certitude, they assume knowledge of the mental and emotional states of a whole people and make hair-trigger decisions as to what will excite to lust or lawlessness or loose living. Innocence is to rest entirely on ignorance. The evils of life must be ignored; also the fundamental facts of life. This stands proved by the action of the Pennsylvania motion-picture censors in barring that section of a film showing a prospective mother making baby clothes. Even the stork is taboo!

THE wings of Icarus Sumner are beginning to melt. From his proper level of confiscating nasty postcards and pornographic circulars, he started a flight into the literary heaven. He wanted to extinguish stars. Now the earth feels the dull thud of his fall. He counted on an illiterate judiciary to sustain him in his flight. But magistrates may luckily be men of taste and intelligence. Such, obviously, is Magistrate George W. Simpson, who dismissed Mr. Sumner's charge against Thomas Seltzer for the publication of "A Young Girl's Diary," D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love," and Arthur Schnitzler's "Casanova's Home-coming." In his decision Magistrate Simpson declared that in "Women in Love" "the author attempts to discover the motivating power of life" and that this attempt justified the book. We commend this magistrate to certain critics. He has hold of the root of the matter. The discovery of how things really are, whether through the use of observation or the imagination—that is the important and the profoundly moral thing.

AT a recent grammar-school graduation some of the students displayed the national flag from the balcony of the auditorium. The exercises were immediately suspended. The principal of the school called in the police who, with the aid of detectives, arrested the children, and the flag was pulled down. Similar scenes occurred in several other parts of the country. Protests followed. The papers were flooded with indignant telegrams. All this happened in Porto Rico, where Juan B. Huyke, Minister of Education, has been so successfully Americanized that Governor Reily's inauguration speech, which called for "one flag, one language," is being literally applied to the educational system. The ruling country imposes its flag upon the little children; they rebel; they are arrested. Yes, Porto Rico is being Americanized, but a wave of national sentiment is rising against American imperialism.

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Mr. Lloyd George's New War

WE are faced with a return to the era of religious wars. In the Moslem world there is talk of a new jehad, of a great uprising of the Moslem peoples against their Christian rulers. In our so-called Christian world there is abundant loose talk of defending "Christian civilization" against the onslaught of the barbarian heathen. Even conservative New York papers join in the chorus with hysterical laments that America has abandoned her right to interfere in Europe and the Near East, and with appeals to the Christian world for moral support of England in England's attempt to revive the wartime Entente for a new battle at the Dardanelles, this time with the roles reversed, the Allies holding the straits against the Turks.

Let us calmly reread the files of these same newspapers which now rant of the "unspeakable Turk" who must be kept out of Europe at all costs. We discover that even the Allies have never proposed excluding the Turk from Europe. From the beginning they have recognized that Constantinople and Eastern Thrace are in fact Turkish. We learn that the Allies drew up a treaty with Turkey in March, 1920; that it made the Turkish army, budget, customs, railways, and ports subject to Allied control, and handed over Smyrna to Greece, but left Constantinople and part of Thrace to Turkey; that the Turks refused to sign it, and that when British military and naval pressure at Constantinople forced the remnant of the Turkish Government there to sign the hated treaty the live elements of the old Turkish Parliament took refuge in Asiatic Turkey, where Mustapha Kemal rallied the nationalist Turks into a new and growingly vigorous Government. This Government the Allies at first refused to recognize at all and the British even subsidized the Greeks to fight it; but it became so obviously the real governmental expression of the Turks that first Soviet Russia, then France, and finally Italy made peace with it, ignoring the puppet Government maintained by British guns at the ancient capital. We learn too that supplementary to the public treaty of Sèvres the three major allies, England, France, and Italy, made a secret agreement dividing Turkey into "spheres of influence"—happy phrase! —and dividing up the Turkish oil supplies, and that the French and Italian treaties with Mustapha Kemal attempted to regain from the Turks something of the loot (in the form of economic concessions) which the Allies had hoped to be able to parcel out without interference by the Turks. We learn that even England invited representatives of Mustapha Kemal's Government to London for conference in February, 1921, although later she indignantly denounced France for treating with him separately. Finally we learn that after successive subsidized Greek offensives had failed, the foreign ministers of England, France, and Italy met in Paris as recently as March, 1922, and we find this record of the outcome of their deliberations in the *Times:*

> Paris, March 26. Tonight the Allied Foreign Ministers signed the provisional terms on which they are mutually agreed to rewrite the Treaty of Sèvres. . . . The Allies in their settlement definitely set forth as their intention the reestablishment of Turkish nationality and Turkish authority in such condition as will enable the Turks to reassume their national independent existence with Constantinople as their capital. . . . In Europe Constantinople and a large part of Eastern Thrace will remain under the full sovereignty of the Sultan. The territory adjoining the Straits will be demilitarized.

The Turks accepted these terms, subject to minor modifications about the period to be allowed Greece for evacuation of Asia Minor. The Greek military chiefs called the terms impossible, and attacked the Turkish positions anew. The Allies seem promptly to have forgotten these terms, but the Turks remembered them. England, so ready to use force to prevent the Turks from carrying out the Allies' own program today, was unwilling to exert effective pressure upon her own tools, the Greeks. Now the Turks have taken matters into their own hands, and have utterly routed the Greeks. The Greek army burned Turkish villages as it retired; shortly after the Turks entered Smyrna it too was burned, and tens of thousands of Greeks are today hungry and destitute refugees on the islands of the Aegean or on the Greek mainland, miserable beyond human description but happy in comparison with their compatriots left in Asia. Another of the great disasters of this terrible post-war decade flaunts itself upon the first pages of our breakfast-table newspapers.

In this situation the policy adopted by the American Government seems to us to have been a policy of warm-hearted common sense and generosity. It has refused to mix in the miserable diplomatic intrigues of the European Powers or to be drawn into war to keep the Turks from regaining Turkish territory; instead it has used its warships for the humane purpose of rescuing as many refugees as those frail ships, built for more sinister purposes, could accommodate; its bluejackets have aided the Turks in patrolling the terror-stricken city of Smyrna; and apparently it has appealed —though for some reason the appeal has not been made public—to the Allied governments to aid it in organizing large-scale succor.

But while these pitiful attempts at succor are being made the threat of war still looms. With the story of Allied policy toward Turkey fresh in our minds there can be but one view of this threatening war: it is the product of Allied intrigue in Asia Minor, and if the Near East becomes the scene of a new war today it will not be because Moslems are conducting an offensive, but because England, fearing for her prestige in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, in Persia, and in India, is using military and naval force to prevent the realization by the Turkish army of things which are Turkey's by right and which were promised to Turkey by the very Powers which England is now seeking to unite to keep that promise broken. When the entire British Atlantic fleet is ordered to the Dardanelles it is rather obviously not to defend their neutrality; it is to maintain the present British overlordship of that strategic capital.

If Americans who profess Christianity are really animated by sincere compassion for the fate of their fellow-Christians in Asia Minor they will have to abandon bellicose sympathy with Lloyd George's fiery appeal to join in a new crusade. They can give material assistance through the Near East Relief, 149 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and they can bring the pressure of their conviction to bear upon their English friends to stop war-mongering and to negotiate direct with Mustapha Kemal's Government for protection of the Christian minorities under its sway. The policy of refusing to recognize the ethnic facts of Thrace and Asia Minor and of cloaking imperialist designs in religious emotionalism has had tragic enough results already.

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The Railroad Strike—Defeat or Victory?

ON those railroads which settle the strike by agreement with the shopcraft unions the men will win their fight. On those roads which do not settle the men will lose. Whether the strike, by and large, is to be a victory or a defeat depends on the proportion of roads which finally accept the Chicago program of settlement. The lack of a single national agreement will make it at best a partial victory for the unions, but the existence of any agreement has had the effect of shattering the unity of the Association of Railway Executives.

The mere fact that a road negotiates an agreement at all in this strike is a victory for the men on that road. Whether they deliberately maneuvered to force a strike or not, it has long been evident that the railroad executives planned to use the occasion to eliminate "union interference" in their repair shops. From the time, shortly after the strike began, when the roads pledged permanent employment to strike-breakers and raised the seniority issue, their intent was public and admitted. The fact is that the shopcraft unions as a federation operating on a national scale were a by-product of the war. They were a part of that up-swing of "industrial democracy" which the employing interests considered a war-time necessity to be ruthlessly eliminated when peace was declared. The railroad shop strike has been the last battle of the general post-war open-shop campaign, and in so far as the strike is settled in formal agreements between the companies and the federated shopcraft unions, the main objective of the employers has failed. On such roads the unions have become a permanent institution in the shops. For many months union leaders have openly said that this strike had to come sooner or later. They have believed that unions in the railroad shops, as in every other shop, could establish themselves only by the final test of strength in open conflict, and that the employers would reckon with the unions only when the unions had proved themselves a force to be reckoned with. The train crews—engineers, conductors, firemen, trainmen—long since established themselves in this class; no railroad executive has the temerity to think of breaking the power of the Brotherhoods. The present strike has been a similar test of the permanency of the repair men's unions.

In regard to the minor issues of the strike, there is obviously more in the terms of settlement than meets the eye. Nominally the men struck against the decrease in wages authorized by the Labor Board, the practice of contracting out repair work, and certain changes in their working rules. These, together with the seniority question raised by the executives after the walk-out had begun, constituted the formal specific grievances to be adjusted. The program of settlement as announced in Chicago contains not a word about any of these points. It is obviously an agreement between the two parties to save each others' faces before the public and to get traffic moving on the rails. But an unwritten understanding on the issues in dispute was undoubtedly reached, probably in the form of a gentlemen's agreement, that the seniority of strikers should remain unimpaired; that "loyal men" and strike-breakers should be retained; that contracting out should cease; and that wages and working conditions should be adjusted directly between management and men in the light of the unmistakable economic developments of the past three months: higher wages and better working conditions.

One of these issues, the contracting out of repair work, was approaching settlement even before the strike began. There was general if weak condemnation of repeated violations of Labor Board rulings on this point by the executives. Mr. Harding had not even heard of them, but the strike has forced public condemnation of so obvious an injustice. The last two offending railroads have just taken steps to cancel such contracts. The other problems—seniority, wages, and working conditions—will pretty much settle themselves under press of the tremendous demand for repair work which will require far more than the normal number of men in the shops, and of rapidly improving business conditions. Time has fought on the side of the men. If these issues settle themselves they will settle in the unions' favor.

The only party to suffer an obvious and irrevocable defeat in the strike is the Railroad Labor Board. It was a defeat for the board when ninety-two railroads violated its rules in one hundred and four instances prior to July 1 with complete impunity. It was a defeat for the board when it reduced the wages of railroad labor in some instances below a bare subsistence level at a time when the general wage trend had already begun its advance. It was a defeat for the board when its chairman was repulsed by the executives in his attempt to settle the strike, and again when President Harding essayed the mediator's part only to hand the dispute, with diminished prestige, back to the board again. And finally, it was a defeat for the board when both the railroads and the unions agreed in Chicago to form their own commission to settle disputes arising from the strike. On this point at least there is complete harmony between the executives and the men—neither side has any respect for the Railroad Labor Board. It is possible that the Commission of Twelve provided for in the Chicago program may prove to be the nucleus of a future national adjustment board. Its life is limited by the agreement to the period ending May 31 next, and its jurisdiction to disputes arising out of the agreement, but if a sufficient number of roads eventually subscribe to the settlement, it may become permanent. In that event the men will have won another point; a national adjustment board composed of representatives of the two groups has been one of their chief desires.

The People's Voices

JUST as the valiant forces of the standpatters seem sorest beset by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune the people of various States in their inscrutable wisdom bring balm to their hearts and healing to their wounds. Metaphors are inadequate before reality; what we mean to say is that to an Administration guilty of Daugherty's injunction, the woeful mishandling of the coal and railroad strikes, and the robbers' tariff, the Republican voters in States as widely separated as Maine and Washington have given an indorsement. The Republican victory in the Maine elections was not so overwhelming as to make the prophets of a Democratic House lose hope but it was considerable enough to bring welcome reassurance to Old Guard politicians whose nerves had been set on edge by Pinchot and Brookhart and, worst of all, La Follette. The Washington primaries showed no tendency to make the Republican Party

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itself an agency of progressivism. Senator Poindexter was first sent to the Senate as a progressive; he was renominated as one of the staunchest of Republican wheel-horses in the face of the bitter opposition of the forces for whom and to whom the Seattle *Union Record* speaks. Massachusetts Republicans gave that scholar in politics, the one and only Henry Cabot Lodge, no mere renomination but an indorsement to the tune of three to one. No first-rate man took the trouble to campaign against him. Michigan Republicans were also loyal to their past. Deprived of opportunity to vote on Senator Newberry they did the next best thing and renominated his colleague, Senator Townsend, who made himself the defender, nay the advocate, of what the critical have dubbed Newberryism.

To prove that Republican voters have no monopoly of loyalty to their idols the unterrified Democracy of Boston renominated Joseph C. Pelletier for District Attorney. That fact in view of the proved charges which led to Mr. Pelletier's removal from office is more eloquent than any comment as to the ease with which a plausible demagogue can sometimes confuse the voters on the plainest and simplest moral issues. Equally discouraging was the overwhelming defeat of Governor Hardwick of Georgia by Clifford L. Walker, candidate of Senator Thomas E. Watson and the Ku Klux Klan. Hardwick had broken with Watson on the flat issue that the Klan must unmask and actively oppose the lawlessness practiced in its name.

From the standpoint of liberals and progressives of all stripes this is a disheartening record, but a closer examination of the situation does not warrant too definite conclusions about the November elections, still less about a future movement of political revolt. For instance, that the farmer and labor forces in Michigan without money or organization should make their candidate the runner-up in a field in which they entered late was a real achievement. Still better was William E. Sweet's victory, by a larger vote than both opponents combined, in the Democratic gubernatorial primaries in Colorado. Mr. Sweet is the type of successful American of high character who too seldom takes an active part in politics. He has retired from business to serve the public good and ran as labor's candidate on a platform which might go far to deliver Colorado from the grasp of the great corporations and such essentially lawless tools as Adjutant General Hamrock whom they have kept in office. Mr. Sweet's words are backed by his deeds. He has in the past—notably in the Denver car strike—dared to help labor tell its story when the press and the officials made common cause against it. Colorado is normally Republican but Mr. Sweet's candidacy gives the progressives a chance. His victory would compensate for many progressive reverses in the primaries.

Food for the Free

WE are not among those who take a hopeless view of life under the new tariff. Doubtless we shall have to limit our diet and reduce our clothing, but everyone should be willing to make some sacrifices in order that our profiteers and our monopolies may survive and flourish.

Of course under the Fordney-McCumber tariff we can no longer expect to wear woolen clothing, but a glance at the free list shows a good many alternatives. "Hides of cattle" are untaxed. In earlier periods man got along nicely in raiment of skins. Why not revert to the good old customs? Horse hair and "bristles, crude" are admitted free under the new dispensation. We look forward to receiving announcements from our tailor next spring of "Natty gents' suitings in bristles, crude" and of "horse-hair waistcoats that are different." Take it from us, they will be. Furthermore, we see with pleasure that there will be no duty upon "ivory tusks in their natural state." A good deal of decoration may be obtained by their use, if not warmth. Finally, there is this item on the free list: "Personal effects, not merchandise, of citizens of the United States dying in foreign countries." If we can keep up our death rate abroad, we ought to be able to salvage enough all-wool clothing for occasional presentation in historical pageants.

The outlook is equally bright for food. Butter, it is true, bears a tax of eight cents a pound, two cents more than under the oderiferous Payne-Aldrich law of the last Republican administration. But wax, which is free, will doubtless do as well. Fresh lamb, which the Underwood Act admitted without duty, carries a tariff of four cents a pound. On the other hand, "leather cut into shoe uppers" is untaxed, and it is well known that Arctic explorers have subsisted for days on stew made of their boots. Eggs, once free, are now assessed at eight cents a dozen, and wheat flour, which the Underwood law left alone, is taxed at seventy-eight cents a hundred pounds. What of it? Are not lobsters, that staple diet of the poor, admitted free? Is not "fish for fertilizer" also untaxed, and is not the same true of ice and of junk? Ice is a cooler summer diet than flour, and a superior all-the-year food for stout persons; and our grandmothers used to make a famous dish called junk. Or was it junket? To show what can be done under the new tariff we submit sample meals for a day, by our staff dietician, consisting entirely of articles from the free list:

BREAKFAST

Cereal

Wood pulp

Meat

Fish for fertilizer

Coffee Bread and wax

LUNCH

Soup

Turpentine

Meat

Gutta-percha, crude

Vegetables

Cacao beans Vegetable tallow

Dessert

Sulphur in any form

Ice Niter cake

DINNER

Hors-d'oeuvre

Cork bark with lemon juice

Soup

Tar and pitch

Fish

Lobster à la McCumber

Entrée

Leather, cut into shoe uppers

Roast

India rubber au Fordney

Salad

Bananas with whale oil

Dessert

Junk (or junket?)

Tea White arsenic

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Moscow's Treason Trial

By PAXTON HIBBEN

Moscow, August 15

"THIS," said I, in the oracular tone of the newly arrived journalist, "is the most important trial since the Dreyfus case."

My companion, himself a Social Revolutionary, shrugged his shoulders. "Why?" he asked.

"Well, it will prove whether the spirit of justice in this new Russian democracy can triumph over political prejudice, just as the Dreyfus case proved whether the spirit of justice in the French democracy could triumph over religious prejudice—or racial prejudice, if you prefer," I replied.

"It is not at all the same, as you will understand if you will stop voicing opinions which you conceived before you came to Russia, and just listen to Krilenko for a while."

With so broad a hint, I could scarcely refuse to listen to Krilenko's summary for the state, or as much as I could hear of it. He talked to the court, not the audience, and most of the time his back was turned to us. His voice sounded like that of a scolding woman—not at all a good voice, and with nothing whatever oratorical about it. He was matter of fact, used few gestures, and in what he said emotion played no part. There was no attempt to sway the court or to arouse the audience which, it must be admitted, showed neither intention nor desire to be aroused.

As I listened, my companion's point became clearer and clearer. This was not really a trial at all, though, ending his speech at two o'clock in the morning after eighteen hours of pleading, Krilenko demanded the death penalty for the entire twenty accused. No principle of justice was, at bottom, involved. The indicted Social Revolutionaries were charged with doing against the present Communist Government of Russia only what both they and the Communists together had joined forces to do against the former imperial government of Russia. On the whole, there was but one element in the trial which differentiated the activities of the Social Revolutionaries from those of Communists or other revolutionsts—and that is, of course, the crux of the whole business: the charge that the Social Revolutionaries, Russians, had taken money from foreign governments, to whose form of government they were themselves opposed on fundamental principle, and had used this money to destroy their own country. There is an ugliness in this charge that all the high revolutionary protestations of the prisoners cannot quite conjure. As revolutionists sincerely fighting for what they believed, I doubt if either court or populace would condemn them here in Russia with the memory of the revolution still fresh in men's minds. But as the hired tools of governments which they themselves despised and were as much pledged to destroy as the Communists, to have brought war and pillage to Russia, to have caused famine and epidemics, and to have brought ruin and death to millions of their own fellow Russians, in support of no unsurrendered revolutionary principle—that the Russians, and among them many Social Revolutionaries, find it hard to forgive. It is that alone, I feel, which is vital in the case of the state against the Social Revolutionaries.

Otherwise, the whole thing has been, as my friend put it, merely a family quarrel among revolutionists, characterized at times by all the customary bitterness of family feuds. This the foreign representatives—Vandervelde, Rosenfeld, Walker, and the others, who left protesting that the trial was a farce—could not understand. Of course it was a farce to those not involved, precisely as a divorce case is frequently a farce, from the inexplicable importance which seemingly trivial incidents so often assume—latent rancors, ancient grudges, unhealed wounds, personal animosities—ridiculous to the outsider but terrible obsessions to those engaged in the struggle. The non-Russian observers from the Second and Second-and-a-Half Internationals could not understand this. But George Washington would have understood it very well, or Lincoln, either.

On this account the trial of the Social Revolutionaries in Moscow, save for the matter of the pain of capital punishment involved, has been of less significance from the standpoint of political rights than the trial of Eugene Debs. For no one accused Debs of taking money from Germany to stir up civil strife in the United States when America, back to the wall, was fighting for life itself against invading armies. But that is precisely what Donski, Gerstein, Ivanov, Timoviev, Helen Ivanov, Vedeniapin, and the rest of the Social Revolutionaries were charged with, in greater or less degree. And the only point at issue was whether or not those who were placed on trial were aware that Avksentiev, Chernov, Kerensky, and the leaders of the Social Revolutionaries and Constitutional Democrats outside of Russia had actually taken money from Bakhmetiev, in the United States, and from the agents of the French, Polish, German, and Czecho-Slovak governments, to suborn civil war in Russia.

With some of them—Donski, as a member of the central committee, and Gotz, as a former member of Kerensky's cabinet, for example—the presumption is strong that they did know where their funds came from, and did not care. But Debs was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, at an age when twenty years meant life, though no question of the acceptance of hostile foreign money was raised. It would seem therefore that whatever the condemnation of the Social Revolutionaries in Russia may prove against the present Russian regime, in the eyes of revolutionaries the world over, in the eyes of ordinary people the same and more will have been even more completely proved against our own government at home by the result of the Debs case. We should scarcely be in a position to criticize—nor, indeed, would any government engaged in the late war.

This is not, however, the point of the trial of the Social Revolutionaries. If the Soviet Government is simply no worse than other governments, our own included, then many of its friends in the United States and elsewhere will have reason to be grievously disillusioned. If the Moscow treason trial demonstrates no more than this, it has revealed altogether too much about the progress of revolutionary ideas in Russia as it now is. But it does reveal more, and only attendance at the trial can bring home its whole significance to the observer. It cannot be had from press accounts in expanded cables at a million and three-quarters rubles per word. It is not in Krilenko's masterly summary of the whole sordid story of men and women vowed to high purpose pawning their ideals like jewels; nor in the ghastly history of what ruin this plotting and intriguing has brought

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upon an hundred million patient people. These are, after all, but vital sidelights. What is fundamental is the fact that this trial was openly conducted in a Moscow in which neither Red Soldiers nor even policemen are as much in evidence as are the military and the police in any country of Europe today, without the slightest public excitement. I could imagine as I sat there in the court room that bitterer than any sentence the judges might impose, to those Byronic figures in the dock, was the knowledge that their fate moved no one in Russia or elsewhere either to terror or to hero-worship. The very calm, the public indifference, with which the trial was conducted is the knell of counter revolution in Russia. It constituted a recognition of the Soviets which our tardy American recognition, when it comes, can only echo. And the infallible proof that this is so lies in the fact that the foreign press correspondents in Moscow early deserted the trial for the races or the restaurants. There was no story in it. Even those reporters of Russian events from afar who, in Berlin and Riga, whispered the grave perils threatening the Soviets through the trial of the Social Revolutionaries, in the end ceased to attempt to flog a dead issue to life again.

What made the Dreyfus trial of world significance was the fact that the existence of the Third Republic really hung upon its outcome, and all the world knew it. Had the assassins of Rathenau in Germany had the courage to stand trial, perhaps the same might have been true there. But here in Moscow there is not enough public interest in the trial for their lives of a score of romantics, who belong rather in one of Marus Jokai's novels than in a Russia of opening shops and rejuvenated industry, to fill the ballroom of the erstwhile Club of the Nobles, now the House of Organized Labor.

In this vast hall John Reed's body lay in state, and the Russians were far more deeply moved that he should be dead so young than that a score of lifelong professional revolutionists should be standing trial for treason. The room is lofty; twenty-eight immense marble pillars surround it, and from a high balcony there hang between these pillars twenty-six enormous chandeliers, with twenty-eight smaller ones hanging from the ceiling to light the balcony, all like conical bird cages of scintillating crystal, in strings and pendants, on a framework of wrought bronze, like dull gold. But none of these are lighted—this is no ball of nobles. But in each of four small chandeliers, a business-like, high candle-power electric light bulb has been thrust between the strings of crystal, and burns there like a glowing bird in its cage.

The court sits on a slightly elevated platform at one end of the great hall, once the concert stage of the Club of the Nobles. Above the heads of the five judges, stretched across four of the pillars, is a band of red bunting, like a banner, while from one pillar hangs a poster representing a worker at an anvil, against a red, rising sun, holding aloft in one hand a placard on which is the inevitable "Workers of the world, unite!" At a long table immediately before the pillars sit the judges. Piaterkov, the president of the tribunal, in a dark blue blouse with white polka dots, and a black coat over it, occupies the center. The light gleams from his steel-rimmed spectacles as he turns his head from side to side, following everything attentively. To Piaterkov's right, at a small table, are the attorneys for the defense, conspicuous among them N. Bukharin, in shirt sleeves, his collar unbuttoned, his hair rumpled, his trousers unbelted and constantly slipping down as he darts here and there, talking with the prisoners, or back to his seat, or across to the table of the state's attorneys. With him are Cohn, Katanian, and a woman lawyer. The first two are there to defend the group of Social Revolutionaries become Communists who are, nevertheless, on trial for acts committed before they had left the Menshevist camp and joined the Bolshevists; the woman is watching the case for the Social Revolutionaries who stuck to their guns. Most of the accused are in their shirt sleeves, though no one else in the court is save Bukharin, and most of them are smoking, though smoking is forbidden. However, as the judges smoke, why should not the prisoners? Most of the men are lean-faced, with soft shirts open at the throat and hair brushed back to resemble André Chénier or Lamartine or Shelley. Among them, Konoplanikova is conspicuous; she might be the president of a woman's club in Montgomery, Alabama; she looks solid and conservative; but the girl by her side seems to be a mere flapper, with bobbed hair, and a cigarette between her fingers.

By contrast with these picturesque figures, facing the prisoners across the intervening table of stenographers (one of whom wears a flaming red scarf about her head) the attorneys for the state appear quite ordinary. Krilenko, the Attorney General, little, insignificant, slightly bald and with a close-cropped American-style mustache, might be any successful New York lawyer. Lunacharski, on the other hand, looks like a sleepy eagle, hunched down in his chair, his fine head, with its nose and brow making almost an unbroken line, sunk on his chest.

In the courtroom there is perfect order. The audience is mostly made up of workers in shirt sleeves and women with handkerchiefs tied about their heads. No one is allowed to leave or enter except at stated intervals when the speaker is accorded a brief rest. The guard of nine Red Soldiers about the score of prisoners is changed informally and very silently. The stenographers relieve one another without sound. The audience is attentive but not in the least excited, and anything but demonstrative.

All of this Vandervelde and his non-Russian associates might have observed daily, had they remained and noted hour by hour the complete indifference of these random representatives of 150,000,000 people who constitute an audience which does not fill the hall. Perhaps they did remark this; or perhaps they may have been haunted by the remembrance that when some two hundred Communists and Social Democrats of the Left, as much Socialists as those on trial in Moscow, were arraigned in Hungary by a brutal White Terror, no Belgian or British or German Socialists went to give them comfort in their need.

As I came out of the court on the night Krilenko finished his strident, unemotional summary of the mischief these men and women on trial had wrought, I felt suddenly that the verdict was of no consequence. It had already been rendered, but not by the judges in this court of the people. It had been rendered in some degree by the serene, unmoved audience, watching the case with less display of feeling than is customary at a Moscow movie; but even more by the years. The romantic day of the Byrons and the Shelleys and the Garibaldis is gone—for weal or woe, it is gone forever. What is strong, what is permanent is the steady, hard realism of Lenin and Trotzky and Kamenev and Chicherin and Krassin and the rest. It may be bad; it may be good. But it is so.

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America's Most Interesting Daily

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHICH is the most vital, the most interesting, the most democratic of New York's daily journals? If one should ask this question of one hundred New Yorkers and suggest that the answer involved the name of a foreign-language newspaper there would be indignant protests. A good many votes would be cast for the *World*, and the *Globe* would doubtless run well. Yet in my judgment the truth is that the *Forward* outshines them all—and the vast bulk of New Yorkers does not know that any such journal exists, much less that it has 200,000 paid circulation. The reason is, of course, that it is a Yiddish newspaper and everyone who is not familiar with that tongue must form his estimates of it by looking at it through the eyes of others. That is my plight; but the facts which have come to me for years past about this extraordinary phenomenon in American journalism make it plain that no student of newspaper conditions of today can fail to give it most careful study if only because of one feature.

While others have talked and speculated on the present crass materialism of the American press and its domination by those who profit most by our present economic organization, and have questioned whether this situation can be offset by an endowed journal or one maintained and owned by great groups of workers, a band of men has worked out in New York a cooperative enterprise of much merit with amazing success. For the *Vorwärts*, to use its Yiddish name, does not represent a vision of an ideal toward which laborious and subventioned progress is being made; it is an established money-making concern with a truly extraordinary hold, not only upon the Jewish group in New York City but in other cities as well. I doubt if the publishers of other American journals know much about it. They must have heard vaguely of the superb office building which it has erected on the East Side in the midst of its constituency and they must, most of them, gasp with envy when they hear that its circulation is now 200,000—far beyond that of the *Tribune*, or *Globe*, or *Herald*, or *Sun!* But what must startle them most is the fact that a large part of the net profits of this newspaper go not to the owners or the editors but are under the by-laws of the Forward Association distributed among the exponents of the causes to which the *Forward* is devoted.

That, we fancy, must cause uneasy comment on Park Row. "What can you expect of a bunch of foreign Socialists?" is doubtless the usual response. But that hardly covers the case, especially in view of the fact that the editors belong to a race charged with acquisitiveness. Is it possible that when men of the faith of Shylock have the opportunity to line their pockets with huge profits honestly earned, they deliberately deny themselves anything beyond their extremely modest salaries? It *is* possible. During the last ten years the *Forward* has earned one and a half million dollars, of which it has, after providing for its splendid up-to-date plant, donated $350,000 to union labor and to other causes for which it battles. Its assets today are worth more than one million dollars. Often in enterprises like this the profit is distributed in large salaries and expenses; yet the editor-in-chief of this amazing publication, who is perhaps 75 per cent responsible for its success, recently strenuously resisted his colleagues' efforts to advance his salary to a figure which would be scorned by a city editor of any of our English-language morning dailies. But its lower placed workers are well remunerated. Its scrub women receive $37 a week and where the reporters of the English dailies are underpaid the average wage of the *Forward's* lesser employees is $62.00 a week (two dollars more than the minimum demanded and received by the members of the Jewish Newswriters' Union). Yet that tells only half the story, for the *Forward* is often a most generous benefactor to struggling talent. There have been cases of foreign writers of promise coming to this country without means, who were not only at once placed on the salary-roll but were told that there was no compulsion upon them to write. Genius, in their cases, did not have to labor at all seasons; its product came when the spirit moved.

Is it any wonder that such a journal commands a tremendous following; that thousands of New Yorkers vote regularly as it tells them; that its counsels are accepted by many as beyond question or criticism? Even when one has to find fault with a given policy—as, for instance, its recent attacks upon a Russian relief organization—the dollar motive is not attributed to its conductors. At least I have never heard it so attributed and when there was an investigation during the war of our foreign press an investigator rightly or wrongly testified that the *Forward* was the only foreign language daily in America which could not be bought. Certain it is that the *Forward* is not only clean in its columns, but that it has had a marked effect in improving the manners and morals of the rest of the Jewish papers.

Yet it is bitterly attacked on the East Side as an enemy to Jewish culture and to racial advancement. Why? Well, chiefly because of the colloquial style in which it is written and what is called its vulgarizing of Yiddish. Its editor-in-chief frankly admits that it writes *down* to its public. Here I must introduce this powerful American journalist. He is Abraham Cahan; long a writer of brilliant humorous and pathetic sketches of the Jewish East Side for the old *Sun*, the *Evening Post*, and the magazines; sometime a remarkable reporter on the *Commercial Advertiser* (now the *Globe*), a novelist, a man of rare understanding of his race and of all human nature; finally, a true American. He was the only one of the group which founded the *Forward* in 1897 who was able to speak English. They decided on a daily to combat the views of Daniel De Leon, whose dream of the coming of socialism seemed to envision a beneficent Messiah imposing it from above, whereas they put their faith in a democratic mass movement. A couple of years of competition forced De Leon's *Arbeiterzeitung* to the wall, although the *Forward* itself progressed slowly enough until the idea of a purely Socialist propaganda organ was abandoned, and Mr. Cahan came to the front making the *Forward* a newspaper first and only secondarily a political instrument. Fortunately for him and his daily, his accession to tho editorship was followed in 1903 by a vast increase in the Russian immigration to the United States in consequence of the Kishinev pogroms, by which immigration the *Forward* greatly profited.

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Mr. Cahan has been governed by a double standard in dealing with his public. He struck first for popularity; hence he decided to make the writing in his journal so simple that the least intelligent on the East Side could understand it. He not only adopted the colloquialisms of the Yiddish of New York, showing no hostility whatever to the introduction of English words, but employed editors to substitute in the news manuscripts the shortest words possible for more learned ones. In his editorials he dealt with topics of the widest appeal, whenever possible a direct *argumentum ad hominem.* A famous editorial of his urging every mother who read the *Forward* to see that her child took a clean handkerchief to school with him or her illustrates his policy. Over this editorial there raged a storm; East Side intellectuals denounced it as insulting to their people, who, they insisted, not only needed no counsel as to handkerchiefs but were quite capable of understanding and appreciating the best language, the purest form of Yiddish. But Mr. Cahan felt that the learning of the learned orthodox Jews was narrow and unsuited to the everyday needs of the hundreds of thousands of *Forward* readers. Wherever the whole truth lies, Mr. Cahan may claim that his paper has demonstrated the success of his policy of stooping to the average man.

Mr. Cahan has known, too, how to render his daily of personal service to its readers. In a recent week the *Forward* printed fourteen columns of the names of Jews in America who are being sought by their kin abroad. There is no more striking feature than its letters from readers regarding their personal problems, which letters it answers with advice and sympathy and often with financial aid. Thus a girl suffering from tuberculosis of the throat received $3,000 in quarters, half-dollars, and dollars from sympathetic readers of her letter to the *Forward* asking where she should go for a cure and how she could live during the treatment. Again, there have appeared from time to time extraordinary symposia bearing upon some of the vital problems of the East Side, such as the tragedy of the growing apart of immigrant parents and their rapidly Americanized children. Needless to say that when there is suffering on the East Side, or strikes which affect such masses of the Jewish population as are included in the needle trades, it is the *Forward* to which multitudes look for guidance and leadership as well as for financial aid.

What is the organization behind Mr. Cahan? There is a *Forward* Association of two hundred members, which any member of a trades union or of the Socialist Party may join, the dues being one dollar a year. There is no stock and there are no bonds, but there is a board of management of nine members of which the editor and the manager are members; the editor and manager are elected yearly by this association. Usually the editor's complete control is never questioned; matters of policy may, however, and do occasionally come before the association. Thus there have been two recent meetings of the association to discuss the paper's attitude toward Russia and its policy toward the Jewish labor movement. In both cases Mr. Cahan, the editor, and Mr. Vladeck, the manager, were sustained—they would have resigned had they not been. Perhaps editors should not be so rigid in their views; but their action certainly proves that there is true parliamentary government of this newspaper which is thus conducted cooperatively and democratically as well as without a profit motive. Surely it is not only New York's most interesting newspaper experiment, but America's, for it now has a large office in Chicago and appears daily in eleven cities for each of which there is provided two pages of local news.

What pabulum does this unusual newspaper supply to its followers? Its eight pages of eight columns each (28 or 32 pages on Sundays) offers a variegated bill of fare. Pictures, of course; occasional cartoons; little of crime (about two columns a day); often sensational matter, some say occasionally of questionable taste; extraordinarily valuable letters and correspondence from abroad, together with a great deal of Jewish and labor news, all with Hearst-like headlines. In one week in July it carried 42 columns of letters and cablegrams from its own correspondents in Russia, Germany, Poland, Palestine, Austria, Hungary, and Rumania —throughout the war its foreign correspondents were such men as Longuet in Paris, Breitscheid, Eduard Bernstein, and Kautsky in Germany. In that same week the *Forward* carried 154 columns of serious reading matter and 137 columns which might be termed "light matter," though this does not adequately describe it, for the extraordinary fact is that while the *Forward* writes down to its readers it is printing today by far the best fiction and *belles lettres* of any newspaper in America. This is Mr. Cahan's second striking conception for his journal. He has employed an amazing array of remarkable writers whose names are almost unknown to the English-reading public but who are printing real literature in this East Side newspaper.

When I visited Poland in June of this year I traveled from Warsaw to Vilna in the company of a staff writer of the *Forward* and felt as if I were motoring with royalty. For whenever we stopped in a town, if only for a few minutes to get a cup of coffee, someone recognized the man who sat on the front seat with the chauffeur, and in no time at all a crowd gathered to gaze upon him whom I dubbed the uncrowned king of Poland. Sholem Asch, the novelist and playwright, has a following wherever Yiddish is spoken; in several of the towns we passed through his plays were being given; he is known from one end of Germany to the other. And yet our literary world in America hardly knows that this great writer, an American citizen, exists. But Sholem Asch is only one of a group of poets and writers who, like Jonah Rosenfeld, Solomon Levine, and Z. Libin, contribute their sketches and studies of human life, their psychological stories, or their humor to the *Forward* and add to its luster. Best of all, the whole spirit of the paper, though printed in a foreign language, is imbued by a true spirit of Americanism. By that, of course, I don't mean the base metal which goes by the name of one hundred per cent patriotism. It is really actuated by the old American ideals of liberty and justice. Hence it was hounded by the Government during the war.

Mr. Cahan's paper, far from working to keep alive a foreign language in America, is doing everything in its power to make their readers acquire the English language. Recently the *Forward* printed fifty articles on learning English and bound them into a book for general sale. To multitudes of Americans of high intellectuality and poor vocabulary this great newspaper has brought hope and inspiration and an appreciation of the best standards of American life.

[*Earlier articles in Mr. Villard's series on American newspapers have dealt with the New York* Times *(August 31, 1921), The Chicago* Tribune *(February 1, 1922), and the Baltimore* Sun *and* Evening Sun *(April 5, 1922). The next paper to be discussed is the* Christian Science Monitor.]

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The Heroic Note in Irish Literature

By AODH DE BLACAM

THE Gaelic prose romance has a place of its own in literary history. Other European countries had their epics. Other European literatures in antiquity had tentative essays in the novel form. In Ireland alone was the romantic prose story specialized in and produced in abundance. Hundreds of such tales remain to us from the remote past and from succeeding centuries. Right down to modern times they continued to be evolved. To learn the character of these Irish tales the reader need but read William Morris's prose romances "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" and "The Sundering Flood," which are exactly in the shape and spirit of the Irish romances, save that they lack the seasoning of humor—subtle satire or gentle drollery—which is never lacking in the original *genre*. Had Gaelic Ireland not been cut off from her due place in the modern world, had Gaelic literature reacted to modern conditions, one conjectures that the prose romance would have evolved into a distinct *genre*, a sort of romantic novel.

The heroic note is never absent from the Irish tales. The lyrical and humorous elements in Irish life and literature are admitted; but the heroic, which gives them their dignity and piquancy, deserves equal attention. Ireland cannot be understood unless it is recognized to be an heroic country, like Attica. This is what Anglicization has most obscured. The regal figures of the Gaelic imagination have been reduced to grotesque dwarfs. Brian Boru and Fionn MacCuail are supposed by English-speakers in Ireland to be fantastic characters, and when allusion is made to the Kings of ancient fame, savage chieftains or tinsel-crowned pantomime figures are visualized, instead of the *Rí* of Gaelic vision, an exact parallel to the *Basileus* of the Greek world, Homer's Alcinous, father of his people, crowned with the dignity of virtue, and throned in the beauty of an austere yet homely life. Only when we realize the parallel between the old Gaelic and Greek civilizations, with their little states and mighty men, shall we recover that epic outlook which has characterized the Gael at all times. The Irish-speaker of the present day does not live in the same mental world as that of the Anglicized generation.

The great cycle of stories about Cuchulain and the Táin is, of course, the most purely heroic section of our literature. It is the Irish Iliad, and its presentation of the great war between Ulster and Ireland for the Brown Bull of Cualgne is as terrific and as splendid as Homer's tale of Troy. The duel of Cuchulain and Ferdia is at least as humanly moving as the duel of Hector and Achilles; the account of the muster of the men of Ulster[1] is a more tremendous piece, because impassioned, than Homer's enumeration of the Argive princes. Again we see the titanic strength of the epic in the telling of how the Ulstermen bound their wounded hero with "hoops and clasps and ropes" lest he enter the last battle and exhaust his life; and how, on hearing the roaring of the King's shield when the King was in peril, he gave a giant spring, so that his bonds burst from him and were hurled to the four corners of Eire. Padraic Pearse used particularly to admire that passage relating to the champion's end, which tells how "a raven dipped its beak into the hero's blood; but in the slippery stream its claws were caught and so the bird upset. When he saw that, Cuchulain laughed aloud, and well he knew that laugh would be his last." The hero-loving imagination of the old saga-makers dwelt often on the terrible and the grim, for these were the foils which gave splendor to the hero-spirit.

The Cuchulain stories, originating in the traditions of the Ulster Picts, received their fine literary form from the *literati* of the Golden Age. When Ireland had been made a united nation by Gaelic-speaking ascendancy, the epic was thus developed and recited in the Gaelic courts. The cycle of Fenian tales which also originated among the subject races worked its way upward to the rank of a national possession more slowly, yet in the end ousted its predecessor. In the later Middle Ages the Cuchulain stories were, if not forgotten, at least laid aside, whereas the tales of Fionn and the Fenians were worked on by the *literati* and brought to a high degree of elaboration, while continuing to fructify in folk-lore. By far the most exquisite lyric poetry ever composed in Ireland is to be found among the so-called Ossianic lays written between the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries: for example, Blackbird of Derry-á-chairn and Binn guth duine i dtir an óir. And this luxuriant, refined, and varied Fenian literature all grows from the conception of an heroic brotherhood.

The finest piece of Fenian prose, "Agallamh na Senorach" (The Colloquy of the Ancients), describes the last of the Fianna wandering after the great defeats, when "at the falling of the evening clouds that night they were melancholy and dispirited." The Lady Camha, on whom in happier days Fionn had bestowed rich gifts, alone could give them hospitality. When they had eaten and drunk, she sadly and languidly held forth on the great dead, "and by reason of this a great silence settled on them all." At last they decided to part, Caoilte and Oisin, the only two left, and their parting was a sundering of soul and body. Patrick was at that time at Drumderg chanting the Mass and pronouncing benediction on the rath there where Fionn had dwelt long since. The clerics looked up and "saw Caoilte and his band draw near, and fear fell on them before the tall men with their huge wolf-dogs, for they were not people of one epoch or one time with the clergy. Then Heaven's distinguished one, that pillar of dignity and angel on earth, Calphurn's son, Patrick, Apostle of the Gael, rose and took the aspergillum to sprinkle holy water on the great men, floating over whom until that day there had been, and were now, a thousand legions of demons. Into the hills and skalps, into the outer borders of the region and of the country, the demons forthwith departed in all directions; after which the enormous men sat down."

Courteous conversation followed, and Caoilte accepted baptism from the saint—and began to speak of Fionn. Patrick said then: "Was not he a good lord with whom ye were, Fionn?" Upon which Caoilte uttered this little tribute of praise: "Were but the brown leaf which the wood sheds from it gold—were but the white billows silver—Fionn would have given it all away." "Who or what was

[1] "The Ancient Irish Epic Tale: Tain Bo Cualgne," edited by Professor Dunne of Washington.

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it that maintained you so in your life?" Patrick inquired; and Caoilte answered: "Truth that was in our hearts, and strength in our hands, and fulfilment in our tongues." The story goes on to describe how St. Patrick anxiously inquired of his guardian angels whether it was permissible for him to take interest in the warrior's tales—and was told, "with equal emphasis and concordantly," to copy down all the tales for the delight of later generations. So he did this. At a final feast at Tara "thrice nine followers of Caoilte came out of the West to Tara, and noting that they now lacked vigor, and that not much regard was paid to them, they laid their lips to the earth of the hillside and expired. That day Caoilte and Oisin were grieved and wretched, and the men of Ireland all were hushed, not a man of them speaking to his fellow, so greatly oppressed they were with the sorrow which the ancients testified after the Fianna."

These few passages are characteristic. Always there is an air of giant proportions. The two veterans seem in body and soul immense. The same is true of the tales of the Irish saints. S. Colmcille, in Manus O'Donnell's "Life,"[1] written four hundred years ago, moves before us as a huge, deep-breathing figure, great in energy, great in humor, great in passion. The heroic spirit reached its noblest heights in those impassioned lovers of God in the Columban days of the church in Ireland, who would put forth on the great ocean in little coracles with a few days' food and no oars or sails, giving themselves into the Creator's hands, to be carried wherever He should will. Away in the wildest and sublimest recesses of the Donegal mountains, in little islands on the lochs, on the brink of the Atlantic, the venturesome traveler reaches the relics of the old ecclesiastical foundations. What impulse but the heroic made the old-time abbots and hermits seek out these remote retreats?

Down the centuries, though the stress of national subjection checked the exuberance of Gaelic literature, the heroic element was always present—it was ever the high note in the register of the national lyre. The bardic poetry praises the heroic virtues, and Standish O'Grady has familiarized readers with the conception of Elizabethan Ireland as still Homeric in polity, in manners, in atmosphere, and even in material conditions. The Gaelic nation was submerged by the penal code at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Egan O'Rahilly, the great poet of the early half of that century, popular in style but still classic in vision, is essentially Homeric, with his strong love for concrete images proper to a society that as yet knows nothing of introspection and decay, a society in which "hale mind in hale body" is still the ideal. Wolfe Tone's "Autobiography"—the greatest of Anglo-Irish books—is the more truly a work in the heroic spirit because it chronicles real and not invented hero-deeds and hero-thoughts. Tone's unquenchable gaiety in adversity, his laughs at himself as he negotiates in Paris for the Republic-to-be with scarcely a franc to sustain life, and, later, his epic distress for Thomas Russell, his dear friend, when news comes from Ireland of the round-up of the United Irishmen—all are expressions of a soul like Cuchulain's. It has been said that there is no finer hero-figure in literature than Cuchulain; it is certain that there is no finer in history than Tone. Such men could only arise in a land where austerities like those of the Ægean world survived.

If we look behind the great folk of history and the *literati* we observe that the ideal of plain living and fine doing was preserved among the democracy by that oral literature which was the vehicle of national tradition. One of the finest of the Fenian tales, "Bruidhean Chaorthainn" (The House of the Quicken Trees), describing the protection of Fionn and his chief comrades in an enchanted mansion by self-sacrificing youths who guard the bridge—so vivid, so well constructed, so full of thrilling words as it is—this tale, of which the latest manuscript copy known dates from the year 1603, was taken down only the other day from the lips of a small farmer in County Donegal, who told the tale as forcibly as it is written and did not miss even the subtlest nuance of fine suggestion. For generations this tale (which is but one of hundreds) had been repeated, enjoyed, and applauded. The scholar who took it down remarks that the sons of the story-tellers are English-speakers, and for intellectual recreation, when not playing cards, consume the local weekly paper. He could not imagine them enjoying literary finesse or seeking entertainment in a hero-tale; the tradition is broken. Thus may a race remain cultivated and refined through ages of hardship and poverty, yet undergo an utter blunting of its sensibilities in a single generation by letting go of its hero-tradition.

"Heroism," in English commonly signifies merely courage. The heroic spirit is something more. It is defined in the Irish word *uaisleacht*, implying bigness of soul, contempt for comfort, delight in the energies of nature, readiness for sacrifice, fine living, loyalty to friends, generosity. The epic writers knew nothing of the hectic modern division of soul and body; they praised physical as well as mental beauty and their heroes lived with their hands as well as their brains, never dividing themselves into sections, but being complete unities. They loved wit, and they loved the exhilaration of the chase. Heroic literature is the antithesis of the psychological. It is objective, self-subsistent, a living thing that slips from the hands of its creator and takes on a life of its own. The heroic is all that the bourgeois is not. The heroic faded in other countries as bourgeois civilization rose. But the bourgeois order was never accepted in Ireland. There the heroic spirit, never dead in Irish literature, has always rejoiced to grasp the terrible and the fierce things in nature, to hear hymns in the tempest, to see a challenge in the mountain's might. When the men of the Fianna were discussing what music they liked best, one praised the rattle of the cups on the board, another the whistle of the wind through battle-banners; but Fionn himself said that the music he loved best was "what happens." *That* might be taken to describe heroic literature.

[1] Published in 1918 by the University of Illinois, with translation.

Contributors to This Issue

PAXTON HIBBEN, before the war secretary of the American Embassy at Petrograd, is in Russia as representative of the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children.

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Light Verses

By ANNE HERENDEEN

The Observant Captive

I cannot hear them through the glass—
  The wall your kisses built for me—
But I can see them as they pass
  And sing and ride and tilt for me.

Yesterday a knight rode near;
  A tear stood in his eye for me.
Almost I beckoned, for so dear
  It seemed in him to sigh for me.

Today a brigand knight came by,
  And flung his careless smiles to me;
Perhaps he brought adventure high
  From very distant isles to me.

I love to watch the suitors pass
  And sing their silent song of me.
I cannot hear them through the glass,
  So is it very wrong of me?

Capri

Soft, personal, and pretty
With little parlor tricks of vine and wool and olive,
Confiding—
But with no wisdom to confide;
Sunning herself
In other people's secrets;
Short, sleeveless frocks
Featuring knees and elbows,
Loving to please—
Except when inconvenient,
A baby matron,
Archly indecisive,
A cocotte soul,
But wedding-ringed and careful,
Nicely arousing
Senile Scandinavians.

What's that you say?
"The painters' inspiration"?
"Pensive young aunt"?
And "confidante of poets"?
You are a fraud!
I know you, Mrs. Capri.
You are a dear
But I shall never love you.

And, by the way,
While I am talking harshly,
You might as well
Stop dimpling at Vesuvius;
He is a bad old rake
And eats young matrons.

Troth

You cannot stoop, you say,
To promises,
For true love needs no pledges;
But I know
Of stormy moments
When a pledge
Is a sweet cable
Holding fast the craft
To the heart's course.
You will not promise lest our love seem small,
But I will promise for our love is great.
You fear a broken promise. Oh, my dear,
My fear of broken love's a greater fear.
At talk of binding love you're rightly wroth,
But love that knows not pledges knows not troth.

Reunion

Oh, hold me, keep me close, then while we live.
  They are unleashed, the ghostly band that haunts
  The wistful beds of lovers, armed with taunts
To poison all the kisses we would give.

Margot, Mignon, Mimi, and Marguerite,
  Renowned artists of the oldest trade,
  I am so spent with weeping, so afraid,
Forego your boasting, I am at your feet.

You swept my lover to you. Oh, I know
  Loneliness was your ally and Despair,
  And I perhaps shall always see him there,
But we are met again and you must go,

Because he is my lover and my friend,
  Because he loves me up and down the world
  With passion flying and with passion furled,
Because we laugh together in the end.

Here, in your arms, I marvel at my fears.
  The night fades and the ghosts are fading; see
  Marguerite, Margot, Mignon, and Mimi
Exorcised by the mingling of our tears!

Revolution

If I should chance to live to see
A new world dawning, gay and free,
Gardened and forested with care
To shield the lovers walking there;
If, from my window, I could hear
Merry young mothers singing clear;
If all the people worked with skill
At tasks they loved—I'd shout until
I broke the peace for sheer delight!
They'd put me out of there all right.

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My Neighbor

By DOROTHEE RAEL MEIROWSKY

IN the drab, rather stupid, somewhat malicious, very human suburb in which I live, I have a Neighbor. I sometimes tempt the Fates by saying I have the best neighbor in our town. An understanding friendliness has grown up between us, and our families have established a system of barter and exchange which Adam Smith might envy. One egg, for instance, is the accepted tender for two apples. Four teaspoonfuls of baking powder equal a cup of sugar, preferably powdered. We return their lawnmower and ask for a very small screw-driver. They send the screw-driver and ask for a spare electric bulb. And a mold of jelly is the moral equivalent, at any time, of a half dozen freshly fried crullers.

In the eight years in which we have lived these few rods apart no shadow of discord has hovered over us. Not even when the war came, and the women of our town rolled bandages and had attractive officers to tea and were agitatedly patriotic; and the men made ringing four-minute speeches to torpid theater audiences; and the old ne'er-do-well who prints our libelous little village sheet shrieked for rivers of pacifist blood. Preferably mine.

My Neighbor, who had always been something imposing in the National Guard, became something very imposing in the army. He appeared in smartly cut uniforms, with bars of parti-colored ribbon on his broad and, I am sure. martial chest, and in a Sam Brown belt that creaked a little under the strain of his erect portliness. Drab-colored military motors dashed up to his house, giving my cook a vicarious sense of importance. Officers would leap out smartly, dash into his house, shortly to dash out again and into their motors, leaving a stir of importance and of urgency behind them. Even my pacifist blood was mildly stirred by the uniforms, the bustle, and the dash, and I appreciated My Neighbor's continued kindliness (when the prevalent cry was for a minimum of death by torture to all pacifists) to one whose sentiments on the war would not in the least have satisfied, say, a "Y" cheer leader, or Mr. Burleson.

Well, the war ran its bloody course and came to an end, but My Neighbor's very real affection for me and mine did not. And when his regiment was ordered to Camp P—— for a fortnight last summer, he asked me and the head of my family to come along as his guests. "Do you all the good in the world to sleep in a tent and eat sensible food at sensible hours," he told me with implied reproach for my casual dietary habits, "and for once you'll see what the army's like. Everything you know about it now you read in a book. Come on and see what it's really like. Change your views; absolutely!"

Now, I don't think I want all my views changed. I've a quite human weakness for my own wrong views in preference to someone else's right ones. But that idea of sleeping in a tent sounded good to me and then—the officers, of course. My views on the war had cut me off from the showers of smart officers that had deluged alike the just and the unjust of my friends, and a fortnight at a camp, the only specimen of my sex among a wealth of majors and colonels and things, seemed to me a way chosen by an essentially just Providence to balance accounts.

We went. The head of my family took to army life with an almost appalling expertness. He attended military drills, was an impassioned spectator at target practice, became an authority on smoke barrages and tracer bullets, and turned up one day with a hectic purple and magenta eye, where an incipient pontoon bridge had leaped up and hit him. The life in the open, the jolly rides, the meals in officers' mess, the snappy drills, and the nice doughboys opened a very pleasant vista of army life, and I began to wonder uneasily if perhaps my views on the war and the army might not bear revision. Almost My Neighbor had made a convert. But for one flaw in his plans. Other great leaders have shown this lack of foresight at crucial moments. Napoleon, for instance. At Waterloo.

The day before breaking up camp, the regiment was ordered on a day's hike. It was decided in solemn conclave that the hike was too strenuous for me. In any event, I couldn't seem to see myself trailing dustily after our army, a revised version of a daughter of the regiment. The head of my family, infinitely more military by now than a brigadier general, unqualifiedly and unconditionally refused to give up the hike for the pallid alternative of remaining in camp with a mere wife. So My Neighbor detailed three nice doughboys and the camp cook's wife as my personal bodyguard for the day and departed. The privates and I walked around the camp cook's wife, surveyed her girth with awe, and at once scratched her as a possible participant in any plans for the day. A raid on the kitchen netted us corned beef sandwiches, tinned salmon, sarsaparilla, and ginger snaps, and we made for the long hills back of the camp as a satisfying luncheon spot. You will have to punctuate the conversation with our panting as the hill grew steeper and scrubbier, and occasional ellipses where we stumbled and I said "Goodness gracious!" and the privates said something softly to their Maker.

I started the trouble by uttering what I took for a simple conversational amenity, say, the military equivalent of "Cool weather for September." I said, "I see the papers think we may get let in for another war soon." First Class Private O'Donovan, red-headed, hotly freckled, and with a wound stripe on his sleeve, snorted disrespectfully. "Well, they'll have to move awful fast to rope me in again," he announced with conviction. "You wouldn't enlist again?" I asked. "Enlist? Lady, they'd have to chase me across this country and into the Pacific to get me. And they'd know they'd been in a race," he said grimly. "You enlisted for the last war, didn't you?" I asked. "Sure! That's why I'll have sense enough not to do it again." "Why, didn't you like it?" I asked curiously. "Like it? Yeh, crazy about it," he said bitterly. "Crazy 'bout havin' a sergeant who was a longshoreman or maybe a burglar before he enlisted bust you over the head if he thinks you're fresh. Crazy 'bout havin' a second looie or one of them other ninety-day wonders bawl you out any time they feel like it, and you havin' to stand like a dummy and say Yes, sir; yes, sir! Crazy to have a rotten M. P. run you in for thinkin' he seen you take a drink, when maybe you just seen your captain stewed to the gills. Oh, yeh, it's a great life, lady. *Not!*" he added vindictively, his young, pleasant face looking very white and set.

He dropped a little behind us, kicking out at the ground sullenly as he walked, and I turned a little helplessly to the other two.

"Honestly, is it as bad as that?" I asked.

"Well, I dunno," said Private Gilbert, lean and lantern-

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jawed and long, as a proper Yankee should be. "You see, I got across too late to get into much of the fightin'. But it sure is awful funny when you get over there. Over here we got told all them fine things about the Frenchies, and when we got over there we fellers thought they were all out to do us. Seemed 'most like it, anyway. I got stuck beaucoup francs in Brest for a crucifix for my mother they told me was solid gold, and it turned black before I got home; lead or something, they told me it was here. And dirt—oh, boy, that's their middle name! Pigs and geese and cows and folks, all livin' right comfortable in one room."

"Get to any other country?" I asked.

"Got into Coblenz with the Army of Occupation, I reckon they called us."

"How d'you like the Germans?" I wanted to know.

He wrinkled his brows thoughtfully. "Oh, I guess they were all right. Didn' do nothin' to us and minded their own business, an' the babies were right cunnin'. That's what bothers me about the war, ma'am. I didn' rightly know what I was stackin' up against. Reckon I wouldn't have enlisted in such a tearin' hurry if I'd known them Germans were jus' fellers like anyone else. Wasn't no crust off *my* pie, anyway. Reckon they can count me out of it next time." And he spat well and reflectively.

"Gosh, you guys had all the luck," said Private Levinsky, darkly Oriental and prodigal of gesture. "I got stuck in a gas attack around Saint Mihiel and got one in the leg coupler weeks after that. Talk of dog's luck——!"

"Well, you ought to know something about it, then," I said. "How do you feel about the war now it's all over?"

"Rotten," he said with immense conviction. "I been freezing and hungry and lousy, and I know what I'm talking about. A feller wouldn't care so much, at that, if everybody had to go. But every yellow quitter who had some money or a political drag some place got in soft, and us poor bums had to go. Now me, I hadder go, and I hafter help support my old lady and four kids. To help win the war, they said. Suppose they'd taken all them millionaire guys, and grabbed off half their money and given it to the government to help win the war, wouldn't they have put up an awful holler?"

I murmured that they would. I doubted if he knew the real extent of the "holler" that would have been put up.

"Well, why is money such a hell of a lot more than a guy's life?"

There were, no doubt, a good many fine and elevating things I could have said to him. Mostly out of copy books. What I wanted to do was to kneel before these three young beings and implore their pardon for the violent hands we had laid on their lives, for the ruthless hands we had laid on their ideals and the things they believed in. What I did do was to say: "Well, here's the top of the hill, thank goodness! Who's got the sandwiches? And the corkscrew for the pop?" It seemed better so.

We went home the next day, and I sent My Neighbor the nicest possible letter about my military fortnight. But he is still solicitous about my pacifist views and amazed that my stay with the army produced no satisfying change. No shadow of discord hovers over our house, and our system of barter and exchange remains one an Adam Smith might envy. An egg, for instance, is the accepted tender for two apples. Four teaspoons of baking powder equal a cup of sugar. And, as I have said, a mold of jelly is the moral equivalent, at any time, of a half dozen crullers, freshly fried!

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is a credulous soul, inclined to believe nearly half the eulogies with which advertisers try to sell their products. He would, merely for the good of the trade, however, like to propose a rule that they eschew history. He sees a flattering portrait of the lady who is popularly supposed to have sacrificed her petticoat to make the first flag for her country; her name is given to the product and then, curiously enough, who comes galloping across the other end of the picture but our old friend Paul Revere, shouting to his friends along the Concord road in a reckless manner. Now the truth of the matter is that Paul Revere may have wakened his friends on that memorable night, but he most certainly did not shout. And if some reader would know how the Drifter can be sure, he may hear Paul Revere's story told in his own words and recently published by the Old South Association of Boston.

* * * * *

"Paul Revere of Boston, in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in New England; of Lawfull Age, doth testify an say," among other things as follows:

We set off for Concord, & were overtaken by a young Gentm. named Prescot, who belonged to Concord, & was going home. When we had got about half way from Lexington to Concord, the other two stopped at a House to awake the man, I kept along. When I had got about 200 Yards ahead of them, I saw two officers as before. I called to my company to come up, saying here was two of them, (for I hal told them what Mr. Devens told me, was two of them. . . . In an instant I saw four of them, who rode up to me with thier pistols in thier hands, said "G—d d—n you, stop. If you go an Inch further, you are a dead Man." Immeaditly Mr. Prescot came up. We attempted to git thro them, but they kept before us, and swore if we did not turn in to that pasture, they would blow our brains out, (they had placed themselves opposite to a pair of Barrs, and had taken the Barrs down).

* * * * *

They forced us in. When we had got in, Mr. Prescot said "Put on!" He took to the left, I to the right towards a wood at the bottom of the Pasture, intending, when I gained that, to jump my Horse & run afoot. Just as I reached it, out started six officers, siezed my bridle, put thier pistols to my Breast, ordered me to dismount, which I did. One of them, who appeared to have the command there, and much of a Gentleman, Asked me where I came from; I told him. He asked what time I left it. I told him, he seemed supprised, said "Sir, may I crave your name?" I answered "My name is Revere." "What," said he, "Paul Revere?" I answered "Yes." The Others abused much; but he told me not to be afraid, no one should hurt me. I told him they would miss their Aim. He said they should not, they were only waiting for some Deserters they expected down the Road. I told him I knew better, I knew what they were after; that I had alarmed the country all the way up, that their Boats were catch'd aground, and I should have 500 men there soon. One of them said they had 1500 coming; he seemed supprised and rode off into the road, and informed them who took me, they came down immeaditly on a full gallop. One of them (whom I since learned was Major Mitchel of 5th Reg.) Clap'd his Pistol to my head, and said he was going to ask me some questions, if I did not tell the truth, he would blow my brains out. I told him I esteemed my self a Man of truth, that he had stopped me on the high way, & made me a prisoner, I knew not by what right; I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid. . . . He then Ordered me to mount my horse, they first searched me for pistols. When I was mounted, the Major took the reins out of my hand, and said "By G—d Sir you are not to ride with reins I asure you";

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and gave them to an officer on my right, to lead me. He then Ordered 4 men out of the Bushes, & to mount their horses; they were country men which they had stopped who were going home; then ordered us to March. He said to me "We are now going towards your friends, and if you attempt to run, or we are insulted, we will blow your Brains out."

* * * * *

Well, the Drifter is glad to say that they did not blow his brains out, but that on the contrary being frightened off by the Rebel Militia they let the doughty gentleman go after taking his horse. It was a thrilling night's work and Paul Revere, although to be sure a man who opposed and sought to change by force and violence the existing laws of his country, may well be honored by his countrymen. That he is honored the Drifter has shown above, for the sure test of eminence is to have advertisers name their products after you.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Birth Control and the Episcopalians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of your comment in the editorial The Past Is With Us Still in your issue of September 6, the following letter sent to the Joint Commission of the Episcopal Church may be of interest:

The newspapers announce a report prepared for the Triennial General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Portland, Oregon, by the Joint Commission on Home and Family Life, which includes a denouncement of birth control. The Voluntary Parenthood League therefore respectfully presents, for the thoughtful consideration of the commission, the following points, in answer to those made in the report:

1. Birth control in its modern application means the conscious, responsible control of conception. It does not mean interference with life after conception has taken place, but consists solely in the use of intelligence and scientific hygienic knowledge to determine the wise times for conception to occur. There is ample and distinguished medical authority for the statement that the best methods are simple and are not dangerous to physical health.

2. It is an established practice among most educated parents; and the principle of voluntary parenthood is specifically indorsed by such representative Episcopalian clergymen as Bishop Benjamin Brewster of Maine, Bishop Frederic F. Reese of Georgia, Rev. Stuart L. Tyson of Princeton, New Jersey; Rev. Percy E. Kammerer of Boston; Rev. Thomas Cole of Hudson, New York; Rev. W. P. Ladd of Middletown, Conn.; Rev. Eliot White of Grace Church, New York City, and Rev. Percy Stickney Grant of the Church of the Ascension, New York City.

3. Sex passion, like other human functions, is a God-given impulse. Must it not then be respected and beautifully utilized for human good, instead of feared and suppressed as a shameful thing which is redeemed only when used for procreation?

4. Progressive physicians, scientists, psychologists, and educators, after thoughtful and extended study of mated life, have concluded that the sex relationship has a proper duality of function—the procreation of children and the enrichment of the lives of those who make it a sacred and beautiful expression of their love for each other, with reactions that are mentally, morally, and spiritually stimulating.

5. It is true that all bodily functions can be misused. Excess may occur in eating, drinking, in the misuse of clothing and shelter, in recreation, and even in work. Self-control and temperance are the ideal in *all* expression and *all* functioning.

6. The mind of man is just as surely a part of his human nature, just as much God-given, as is his body. Mind has been used for the development of life in the fields of science, art, material and industrial progress of all kinds. Are we then to believe that the superlatively important matter of the future welfare of the race must be left solely to bodily impulse, blind chance, and ignorance? Is there not greater dignity, fineness, and response to parental duty in consciously cooperating with God by thoughtfully choosing desirable times and conditions for the creation of our children? And shall not the human mind which has already discovered and utilized so many of God's scientific laws proceed with reverence to perfect the utilization of the discovery that civilized sex union has a righteous duality of purpose?

7. The control of conception is not primarily or principally a birth-restriction idea. We urge the freeing of knowledge so that not only may parenthood be deliberate and desired instead of accidental and unwelcomed, but also that science may more completely serve those who long for children but who from physical or psychical inhibition have not been able to fulfil their longings.

We ask you to present this letter to the conference as the viewpoint of a large, increasing, and representative body of people. This is a group of high-minded people who would like to see the theory of the Christian church reconciled with the obvious practice of both the enlightened clergy and laity.

It is clear to the most casual observer that family limitation is widespread among clergymen and among their congregations. It is also clear—as physicians will testify—that among these people there is no general sterility, so that the limitation of family cannot largely be due to physical inability to conceive children. Can it then be assumed that it is the result of celibacy within marriage? There is ample evidence from much direct testimony that while there may be a few who practice the necessary abstinence, the vast majority do not. Scientific authorities on this subject report that among those who accomplish, and also those who conscientiously strive for but fail to accomplish celibacy in marriage except when children are to be procreated, there is an exceptionally large proportion of neurosis.

In these days of evolutionary discovery in applied psychology, the interactions of mind, body, and emotion have given a wonderful new meaning to the famous old inquiry in the Bible, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God?" Can the church afford not to give thoughtful consideration to this subject in the light of modern science, the laws of which are indeed discoverable by man, but are not created by him?

We urge you as responsible representatives of the church to reconsider the Report of the Commission on Home and Family Life, and to revise it with faith that family welfare must be based not upon arbitrary repressions and ignorance of science, but upon self-disciplined natural expression plus knowledge and conscience.

New York, August 11 MARY WARE DENNETT,
Director of the Voluntary Parenthood League

One View of the "Jewish Problem"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The sheaves of material appearing in the daily press and cluttering the columns of our magazines treating the so-called anti-Semitic problem in American universities too often miss the heart of the matter. In my class at college are several Jews every one of whom is well liked and respected by his classmates. We have honored some of their number with positions of responsibility, and when we graduate next June none will be more worthy of degrees than these. But the college has the Jewish problem just the same. Let me say, though, that the problem is created and maintained by certain of the Jews themselves.

The whole matter is simply this: If intellectual ability alone were sufficient to attain standing in institutions of higher learning in this country the Jewish youth of America would

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rate 90 per cent easily. But more is required; and right here is where many Jewish boys lack. They pretty uniformly exhibit a virulent aggressiveness which degenerates into an absolute disregard for the rights of others in an effort to attain their personal ends. To my mind this is the outcropping of an accumulated repression which the lads have inherited and now, in our nearly democratic college communities, unconsciously exercise. This disregard for the rights of others—a steam-roller method of forging ahead—coupled with a personal uncleanliness, forms the core of the present high-sounding "Jewish problem." A Jewish lad who realizes this and corrects these things in himself becomes a regular integral part of the college group.

No group can be unreasonably aggressive and personally unclean, and at the same time maintain a standing in a good college. Jews are not alone in being objects of attack on this score. Jews of character understand this perfectly, and they have personally corrected for themselves objectionable inherited tendencies. Once the above-mentioned features are eliminated, the great spiritual, intellectual, and moral capacities of the Hebrew race make inevitably for the attainment of all that they desire while at the same time admitting the possessors of these splendid traits to their rightful place in the new order of society now coming in.

Reasonable tolerance on the part of the college, and a sensible recognition of the basic facts here described, on the part of the Hebrews, will go far toward erasing the Jewish problem from the national blackboard. The men of our class have done it.

East Northfield, Massachusetts, August 8 L. P. WHITE

Lessing on the Creative Spirit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of the excellent editorial entitled Plot and Fable in your issue of August 30, perhaps you will be interested in the following quotation which I have culled from Lessing on the creative genius, written at the time when he was embroiled in a lively duel with Gottsched, the toplofty arbiter and ready rule-maker of his day:

The spirit which at birth is made a model of its kind
Asks not the help of rules that serve to guide the feebler mind.
It soars, however bold its flight, right onward, safe and free,
And all that schools and books can teach, in its own self can see.
What charms this soul, all souls must charm; what grieves it, saddens all;
It holds the choices of the world within its subtle thrall.

New York, August 25 PIERRE LOVING

"Civilized Warfare"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As I understand it, the principal rule of "civilized" warfare is that only the armed forces have the right to fight; the civilian population has to remain passive. This means that the civilians have to look on quietly while the invaders use up or destroy their little property; they have moreover to endure patiently the insults and brutalities of the invaders. But if somebody gets desperate and kills from ambush or otherwise one of his tormentors, or only defends himself or his family, that is uncivilized warfare. He has a good chance to be killed right away or to be sentenced to execution by court martial. If the evil-doer cannot be apprehended, then possibly in retaliation the whole village will be burned or hostages shot.

My idea is to reverse these international rules about warfare. The invader of a foreign country ought to be declared an outlaw. All the inhabitants in their own country ought to be justified in putting out of the way the invaders by all means at their disposal. This new international regulation of warfare ought to be read from every pulpit and in every school. Then the growing youth will be permeated with the knowledge that they may be heroes in their own country, but if invading other countries will be treated like mad dogs. Conferences as arranged now will never accomplish much. Are they not about the same crowd that was sitting in the governments in 1914? They are more interested in war than in peace. What do they care? If somebody wants to introduce vacuum cleaners instead of dust-raising brooms, should he give the decision to the broom manufacturers?

New York, August 5 MORRIS SCHAYE

Nevada's New Mail Suffrage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Anne Martin's article on Nevada has been especially interesting to me because I have lived in Reno for some thirteen years and still maintain my citizenship there. Two important points might be mentioned in addition to those that she makes. First, most of the great live-stock and sheep companies of Nevada are at present hopelessly bankrupt, having been caught in the wool slump. They have been practically taken over by San Francisco and other banks, so that their property may hereafter be developed by new interests. Second, Nevada, in the attempt to hold some of its migratory voters, passed at the last session of the legislature a law providing for voting by mail. I find from a clipping just received from Reno that I was the first man to take advantage of this new law. For those whose actual interests are still in Nevada, it will be a good thing, but for the mere floaters it will amount to little. The divorced men and women who have gained citizenship there will hardly take advantage of it.

New York, August 31 GUSTAVUS S. PAINE

The Lincoln of Our Time

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much interested in the letters published in *The Nation* for August 30 on the subject of Borah and the presidency. It is well enough to laud a man for what he has done, but to do this by knocking another is unfair. You did not knock La Follette? No, not openly, but when I read The Duty to Revolt in your issue of August 9 I began a letter of protest against what seemed a studied effort to give Borah a double boost by failing to give La Follette his reasonable due. I could not see why you should mention the opposition to the pending tariff bill as being "led by Senators Lenroot and Borah" without mention of La Follette when there was space enough to name *all* the Democrats who voted for the steal.

Again I was struck by the fact that you lauded the "courage" of Borah and forgot that of La Follette. Is it more courageous to lead a revolt when revolts have become popular, than to have lead a revolt and stuck to it at Chicago when Harding, the hand-picked choice of this tariff-robbing and profiteering gang was chosen? Both Johnson and Borah were peevish at the time, but after a few weeks they crept back under the protecting mantle of the G. O. P.

I am not forgetting that La Follette has always stood for "protection" in principle. It is his one weak point. But the Wisconsin Senator's plan to take over the mines and other monopolied resources of nature should secure to him, in these troubled times, the support of all right-thinking men. Has "Fighting Bob" not now and always been the bitterest enemy of the princes of privilege? Is it thinkable that if this class knows its leading foe the masses will not view that foe as their staunchest friend? I think they will and do. As a vote-getter in a crusade of honest revolt against the industrial troubles of today among the oppressed, angry farmers and other workers, La Follette would prove a more successful leader than Borah or any other public man. He is the Lincoln of our time.

Eugene, Oregon, September 1 C. A. BROTHERS

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Books

Man the Thinker

The Population Problem: A Study in Human Evolution. By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Oxford University Press. $7.

HERE is a notable book. Malthusians and race suiciders, supreme Anglo-Saxons and dogmatic racial egalitarians, cocksure biologists of the All-Highest germ-cell and soft-headed uplifters who would make men out of environmental mush, will all read it to their profit, and, if they will reflect, may learn something. Not only is it the best discussion yet written of the population problem in the ordinary sense; it gives a fascinating picture of man's development, and unpretendingly offers a scientific philosophy of history by putting forward a rational and well-supported theory of progress. Based on an enormous mass of thoroughly digested information drawn from all the leading biological, anthropological, historical, and economic authorities, and written in the best tradition of British scholarship, the book represents the type of synthetic work that is perhaps the chief need of science, scholarship, and education today. It is another cheering indication that there is gradually coming into being a real sociology, a genuine science of society.

The plan of the work is comprehensive. A chapter on population literature and an admirable sketch of the principles of heredity are followed by a consideration of the amazing possibilities of human fecundity, and a summary of early human history that puts Wells to shame. Then comes the marshaling of a formidable array of evidence showing the methods actually used for the control of numbers among hunting and fishing races, primitive agricultural races, and historical races, evidence all pointing in one direction. These twelve chapters on quantity are followed by nine others, even more interesting to the social philosopher and man of action, on the problem of human quality. They indicate the comparative importance of germinal change and of tradition in racial development and historical progress.

Mr. Carr-Saunders knows evidence and its limitations. By a cautious correlation of ethnological with archeological facts he enables us to catch glimpses of our far-away paleolithic human ancestors, and to discern the outlines of the biological and sociological process by which we have climbed to our present eminence, to radio and flivvers and poison gas, to Bertrand Russell and Anatole France and the flapper. Evidence, criticism, conclusion—such is the unfailing sequence. What we know is here set forth; what seems probable is so stated; what is unknown suggests fields for further study. This is the true spirit of scientific inquiry.

What of the results? On the quantitative side, the incidental but complete refutation of Malthus may be commended to those lugubrious social philosophers who have learned nothing since 1798. Instead of Malthusianism, Mr. Carr-Saunders holds the modern doctrine that taking into account the arts of production and the habits of the people in any area, there is an optimum number of population that will make the return per head a maximum, and that this number has in general been historically approximated. The development of this theory and the demonstration of the means by which such approximation has been effected throughout human history constitutes the heart of this work in its quantitative aspect.

All human groups have apparently lived in fairly definite relations to fixed areas of land. From the very beginnings of social organization, and consequently of the benefits of cooperation, the advantages of attaining and maintaining the optimum number within the group would be apparent. As against the extraordinary possibilities of human fecundity—which, by the way, seem to have increased rather than decreased with civilization—among primitive and early historical peoples certain customs such as prolonged lactation and pre-puberty intercourse diminished fertility to some extent, while sometimes war and famine and always ignorance and neglect in the care of children worked to increase elimination. But these incidental influences, fairly constant over long periods of time, were insufficient to keep numbers at the desirable levels, and infanticide, abortion, and abstention from intercourse developed as direct means to that end. Mr. Carr-Saunders presents an impressive mass of evidence in support of his thesis: "The view put forward here is that normally in every primitive race one or more of these customs are in use, and that the degree to which they are practiced is such that there is an approach to the optimum number." During the medieval period celibacy and postponement of marriage for the first time become important in Europe, while infanticide and to a large extent abortion disappear. In the modern era contraceptive practices and abstention from intercourse have taken first place.

Throughout written history, then, and by justifiable inference back to the very beginnings of social organization, we find always in operation customs and practices which enable men to approximate the optimum number. Only where oppression or other influence causes discouragement or indifference does the standard of living, whatever it may be, lose its grip on numbers and cause overpopulation (an excess over the optimum number), while plague, calamity, or war may occasion underpopulation. Generally speaking, however, all human groups have kept numbers at the "right" level by the use of direct, purposive methods. We may, of course, and in fact are beginning to, use other than the economic criterion to determine what constitutes the right level.

If these conclusions be accepted—and opponents are going to find it no small task to controvert the evidence here adduced—a mass of rubbish is cleared out of the way of straight thinking in social affairs. War ceases to be a "biological necessity" and expansion is not caused by over-population; neither affords any actual relief for "surplus population." "War, in fact, gradually becomes a custom. . . . War has now merely become a mode of action whereby an organized state tries to achieve certain political ends. It is within the power of mankind to renounce this mode of action. There is nothing in the nature of man or of social organization which renders war inevitable." If statesmen and peoples alike care to listen to the deductions of sober scientific research rather than to the conclusions of pseudo-scientists, they may get new light on the "inevitability" of the World War, may even discover that the rising tide of color does not necessarily gleam blood-red in the sinking sun of Western civilization.

Of Mr. Carr-Saunders's qualitative conclusions only a word can be said, though they deserve an essay. While germinal change "retains almost its full importance so far as permanent changes in physical characters are concerned," it is otherwise with mental qualities. "Beginning not later than the last period of the paleolithic, the explanation of the course of events is in the main to be sought not in germinal change, but in the influence of environment upon tradition." Our late paleolithic ancestor had practically as good brains as we have; he did not have our tradition, that is to say, our categories of thought, our stored-up information and habits and ways of doing things. A fertile environment (relative to the state of knowledge and the arts at any given time), together with opportunities for contact with other groups not too widely different—it is these influences, together with the profound change from the segmentary or clan society to the organic grouping with its division of labor, that are primarily responsible for the growth of human tradition and for the consequent progress that separates us from the Cro-Magnon man. As for the future, "whether the problems now pressing upon European society are to be solved or whether some greater catastrophe . . . is to be the outcome, will depend upon changes in tradition and not upon germinal change." For their own salvation, men must think straight. It is the last word of science and religion alike. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

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Thin Streams

Heavens. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

CERTAIN writers, whose creative streams have become thin, try to replenish and dignify their output with parodies, light essays, and skits. By ridiculing the work of more fertile and important creators they can facetiously borrow and distort the attainments of these original writers, and they can also receive an attention which they fail honestly to earn. Of late, America has suffered from an avalanche of parodies, light essays served with mental sugar and cream, and skits in which different authors have been "humorously" imitated or pleasantly veiled. Thousands of readers have purchased the books of these pseudo-creators, evidently welcoming the chance to become thoughtful in a thin and laughing way, without the expenditure of much mental effort and without the slightest challenge to their surface convictions.

It is a neatly ironical situation—the original poet and prose writer can scarcely sell out the first edition of his books, or receives at best an undeserved amount of inattention, while his clownish echo is heard and praised by the crowds! These reflections have been shaped by a reading of Louis Untermeyer's latest book, "Heavens," a group of parodies and burlesques in which the work of several well-known writers is reproduced in an exaggerated and twisted fashion. Mr. Untermeyer, who has produced but one book of original poetry during a lapse of four years or more, seems to be genially striving to reconcile himself to the temporary thinness of his creative inspiration, with the aid of anthologies, skits, parodies, and facetious dances upon the surface of literary criticism. The result has been mildly amusing, in its cleverest moment, but has scarcely added anything to the quota of permanent literaure which this generation is struggling to produce. His latest book begins with a series of parodies in which George Moore, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, and others are pictured as residing in Heavens which correspond to their written ideas. Each of these Heavens is described in the style of the original creator, and this style is, of course, magnified and rendered absurd, the result being that each creator stands forth in his ill-fitting role of an erudite or astigmatic buffoon. In the midst of all this pilfered effervescence, unfairly spread over many printed pages, one searches in vain for a creative justification or a deep philosophy lurking beneath the witty or clumsy perversions of the author. The importance of these parodies rests, therefore, in their ability to win smiles and laughter from the reader, and in this respect they fail as often as they succeed, and their efforts are frequently mere awkward contortions, or monotones of gay and adulterated malice, in which the author's likes and prejudices shine through transparent costumes. Since nothing is added to the original creations save an air of farcical abandon, the humor becomes eventually wearisome, for literary humor becomes thin when it exists alone and does not ornament the firmer outlines of an original and inquisitive imagination. In that case it reminds one of the old Chinese proverb: "Too many fireflies produce within the onlooker a longing for the mountains above them!"

In fact, the parody is the lowest and most facile form of literary expression, and that is perhaps the reason why so many men employ it. It merely demands a shallow cleverness, an ability to glib imitation, and a moderate sense of the humorous, and in its essence it is an ungrateful parasite, feeding upon the original creation and "blithely" concealing the processes of digestion involved in this feat. Tragic or serious creations are always easy to burlesque, but the result is never of great importance. For instance, any clown can burlesque the figure of Macbeth and win the ephemeral laughter of his audience, but Macbeth still lives along after the clown's futile pranks have been forgotten. Literary humor cannot survive unless it is a fantastic and original nonsense in which the creator is lightly searching for his own outlines or a sparkle cast upon the deeper exploitation of thoughts and hiding their inner gravity. When it grasps the creations of other men, and gaily distorts them, it becomes the mere passing entertainment of each literary generation; and this is the most significant purpose that parody can achieve. The artist, who draws caricatures of faces, can unearth secrets that the flesh strives to conceal, and gives them a grotesque poignancy, but the parodist takes that which has already been revealed and strives to give it the veil of his derision, without in any way probing or illuminating its content. In addition, the admirers of a serious creator are quite justified if they object to seeing his qualities and outlines falsely inflated and unfairly altered. Those who have nothing to bring to the temple should not always content themselves with an easy laughter!

Passing from Mr. Untermeyer's borrowed paradises, we find a series of "previews" and instructions to minor rhymed poets of the present generation, and both are written in a broadly humorous and unimaginative fashion. In the previews he attempts to picture the future work of contemporary American poets, acting on the premise that their style will remain as inflexible as his own; and while this prophecy is probably true in regard to most of these poets, it scarcely possesses any other significance save that of an obvious Cassandra. In his humorous instructions for the manufacture of mechanical magazine verse he lends a false dignity to his subject and places minute qualities and desires beneath a monotonous microscope. His book ends with a series of parodies in which well-known contemporary American poets express their reactions to Einstein's theory of relativity. While the salient features of each poet's style and outlook are faithfully indicated and genially maligned, the procedure is lacking in deftness and subtlety. On the whole, Mr. Untermeyer has merely thrown a moderately humorous glow upon the thinness of his creative stream. Since his earlier work presented an animal strength and defiance, this latter fact is regrettable.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Weaker Wings

Daughters of Fire. By Gerard de Nerval. Translated by James Whitall.—*Mogens and Other Stories.* By Jens Peter Jacobsen. Translated by Anna Grabow.—*The Shepherd's Pipe and Other Stories.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by O. F. Theis.—*Romance of the Rabbit.* By Francis Jammes. Translated by Gladys Edgerton. The Sea Gull Library. Edited by O. F. Theis. Nicholas L. Brown. $1.50 each.

READING these books on a coast that swarms with sea gulls I have been led to question the appropriateness of the impulse, symbolic or analogic, which prompted the title borne by this library of four little volumes. Yesterday I observed a flock of these birds beating their way tenaciously and successfully against a powerful wind, and watching them I wondered if any of these books that bear their name possesses the strength to poise itself against the gale that blows steadily against all literary products, toward a circle of outer darkness. In the case of one volume there is no need for questioning: the pinions that carried the dreams of Gerard de Nerval were forced backward two generations ago; they fluttered delicately for a space, evoked friendly comment, and were gone. As for the Schnitzler tales translated here, they will ride the storm, if at all, by virtue of their author's hardier work. Jacobsen represents a dubious mixture of strength and weakness; his strongest claims to endurance are as an innovator. And the gentle talents of Francis Jammes are not, I suspect, suited to robust weather.

But, having questioned the fitness of the title, one must admit that the library justifies translators' and editor's effort. It makes available in English representative writings by three men of widely diverse talents and established reputation, and

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furnishes specimens from the work of a fourth whose name, at least, has survived the attrition of several decades. It is a tribute to the power of a mere name, in fact, that Nerval should appear in this collection. James Whitall, in his introduction to "Daughters of Fire," laments that his author is found so seldom upon the bookshelves of present-day readers, considering "the importance of his place in French literature." Now at this late date it is simply folly to refer to Nerval's place as important. Surely Mr. Whitall is the victim of a myth, a myth born of genial log-rolling, a myth exploded years ago. Like the reputation of Clough, that of Nerval was created by his loyal and greater friends, with the difference that the Frenchmen worked with even slighter materials than did the Englishmen. The gently mad dreamer who wrote "Daughters of Fire" was one of the first members of the Inner Circle, the cenacle in which Hugo was god, whose story you may read in Gautier's "History of Romanticism," and the famous survivors of this group paid in over-zealous eulogies their friendly debt to Gerard de Nerval, the perfect literary companion, the first true Bohemian, the recruiting officer for "Hernani." But the reputation so created could not endure: even when Gautier wrote his history Nerval was read only "as much as Petrus Borel and a little more than Philothee O'Neddy." He was the mirror of a group, a type rather than an individual, a blotter that absorbed from others and showed the color of a literary age; the pollen from stronger flowers blew over him and fructified in feeble blossoms, but he had no vitality of his own. His five volumes of collected works contain little more than experiments in imitation. In 1868 Barbey d'Aurevilley, reviewing Nerval's total production, declared that he had a taste for many things, "mais il n'avait que les gouts." Our generation is not guilty of neglecting this author: judgment was rendered against him long since, and readers of "Daughters of Fire" will find reason to confirm the decision. It represents a fragile romanticism that is quite meaningless in the present day; a romanticism that had some of the tints, and approximately the life, of a butterfly's wing.

Turning to Jens Peter Jacobsen we find different and sterner stuff. One of the prominent figures in the Scandinavian literary revival which marked the close of the preceding century, he brought to Danish prose something of the French feeling for form and stylistic beauty. But beneath this borrowed cloak we find an honest, uncompromising realist. In Mogens, with which he made his literary debut, we have a typical example of realism and poetry synthesized. Mrs. Fonss shows its author less concerned with poetry, illustrating his thesis that "every book to be of real value must embody the struggle of one or more persons against all those things which try to keep one from existing in one's own way." Today the individualistic lesson seems banal, but the tale itself is still effective. The Plague in Bergamo is one dramatic incident, tellingly handled, that rises in a single crescendo. The slightest selection in the volume, There Should Have Been Roses, is a prose experiment strongly reminiscent of the French symbolists; an experiment in a method that was obviously alien to Jacobsen's impulses.

The Schnitzler stories require only a passing mention: their author's delightfully penetrating and worldly comedies have won him deserved favor in this country, and there is nothing here that will increase his stature in the eyes of American readers. But neither is there anything unworthy of him. We see him working in three different mediums, equally successful in all. The Shepherd's Pipe is a symbolic story of real beauty that demands from the reader something of the abandonment that is granted a fairy-tale; The Murderer is a gripping history of crime and punishment, melodramatic in conception but startlingly convincing; while The Blind Geronimo shows its creator masterfully handling the treacherous elements of pure pathos.

Coming to "Romance of the Rabbit," I must confess that what is commonly referred to as the genius of Francis Jammes stirs me, when at all, only antipathetically. All the tales and prose snippets that compose this volume are bathed in the warm waters of a religious sentimentalism: there is much talk of Paradise, to which almost all the characters finally ascend, and many intimate remarks about the Bon Dieu, whom Jammes conceives as a kindly old fellow with a great beard and a penchant for springing pleasant surprises. It is the sentimentalism of an author who has devoted his whole sophisticated equipment to the task of extirpating the least signs of sophistication from his work: the result is a self-conscious naivete, a painfully determined simplicity. Such sweeping criticism requires illustration, which may be furnished by a brief synopsis—scarcely less adorned than Jammes's own version—of the story entitled The Goodness of God. A nice young girl, who had a cat whom she loved dearly, was seduced and then cruelly deserted. Shortly afterward the beloved cat listened unfortunately to the blandishments of a roving tom. When the girl received a heartless letter enclosing twenty-five francs from her delinquent lover she despairingly committed suicide. Naturally she was perturbed at meeting the Bon Dieu in her embarrassing condition; but her fears proved groundless when the old gentleman informed her that he had especially prepared a charming room for her approaching confinement. And when she entered it "she saw that God had arranged a surprise for her. There in a box lay the cat she loved. . . . She lay down. She had a pretty, little, golden-haired daughter, and the cat had four sweet, delightfully black kittens."

That is all. Call it, if you will, the genius of Francis Jammes.

BEN RAY REDMAN

Books in Brief

Behind the Mirrors. Anonymous. Putnam. $3.

More gossip about the great and good and the not so great and not so good at Washington.

The German Constitution. By René Brunet. Knopf. $3.50.

A genuinely valuable work, of which so conspicuous and trustworthy an authority as Charles A. Beard can say that "it is the best treatise on the German Constitution which exists in any language."

Mennonites in the World War: Nonresistance under Test. By J. S. Hartzler. Mennonite Publishing House.

A quaint and moving account, in the language of the less dramatic books of martyrs, of the experience during the war of certain pacifists who believed that Jesus meant what he said about war-making.

Russia Today and Tomorrow. By Paul N. Miliukov. Macmillan. $2.25.

Made up substantially of lectures delivered before popular American audiences and dedicated to the proposition that bolshevism has about run its course and that the peasants will save Russia through the application of the principles of democracy.

Korin. By Yone Noguchi. New York: Orientalia. $7.50.

A beautiful monograph, uniform with the same author's "Hiroshige" upon a great Japanese artist who is here discussed with a quaintness and grace worthy of him.

What's Best Worth Saying. By Richard Roberts. The Woman's Press, New York. $1.25.

A simple and thoughtful discussion, beautifully written, of certain aspects of Christian faith and practice from a modern point of view. It takes its title from Coventry Patmore's lines:

"In divinity and love
What's best worth saying can't be said."

The reader must judge for himself how well Dr. Roberts has succeeded in meeting the problems of which he shows himself aware.

Classical Associations of Places in Italy. By Francis Ellis Sabin. Madison, Wisconsin: The Author. $5.

A well-made compilation, from many Greek and Latin authors, of passages associated with actual Italian.

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Drama

Escape

UNTIL the great events of the season come, until Ethel Barrymore appears in Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd" and John Barrymore in "Hamlet" and John Galsworthy's "Loyalties" arrives and the Theater Guild begins its activities—until then, shun the regular playhouses. Even at the Booth you will be bored. Mr. Brock Pemberton is an excellent producer of plays. He has a bit of the true artist in him and Mlle. Remy Carpen, whom he seems to have discovered, is a vibrantly subtle little person with a morbidly fascinating little technique. But the play—the first of the season's importations from Italy—is artificial and dull. The blood has gone out of these younger contemporaries of Carducci and D'Annunzio. Their names suggest citadels bristling with spears and splendor; their works are feeble and jejune. Nor is it necessary to go to the Playhouse where the eternal Mr. Owen Davis abandons the earnest attempt to approach reality that he made in "The Detour" and lapses back into an action of indescribable silliness during which Miss Helen Gahagan raises from time to time an extraordinarily ingratiating right eyebrow.

Flee from all these and go to the Hippodrome. There is a crow called Jacko. It is an ordinary crow. You have seen it fly over the fields a hundred times. Here it sits calmly and catches little Indian clubs in its beak and catches little balls on its head and in its beak and never misses one and flaps its unclipped wings. It is a marvelous crow. It is more marvelous than the elephants who force their huge bulk to the graces of the dance and far more so than the horses who are beautiful and clever without effort.

The ballets are gorgeous without excess and their large rhythms are restrained and satisfying. It would be fascinating to speculate on the source of one's pleasure in these massive dances. For all their elaboration of figure and sophistication and splendor of costume, I suspect their appeal to be to the most ancient of instincts. Our tribal dances are lost; we fear and justly fear such instinctive group action as is left in the world, since it expresses itself no longer in the rhythm of worship or delight but in the furies of pursuit and war. So we sit in the stalls of the Hippodrome and watch the dancing girls and find through them a vicarious expression for instincts generally forgotten yet not wholly extinct.

The water nymphs satisfy us on another side. You see sophisticated charm and grace on the stage and off. These young women are all Eves. They have magnificent vigor and magnificent simplicity. You can think of them as huntresses; you can think of them as mothers; you cannot think of them as courtesans. Their bodies and movements are superb and I wonder whether sculptors and students of sculpture know that they should not fail to see the current show at the Hippodrome.

I have left my favorite number to the last—Long Tack Sam and his troupe of Chinese jugglers and acrobats. Do you recall Hazlitt's great essay on the Indian Jugglers? He dwelt upon their incomparable perfection which put to abject shame our faltering efforts in our several and perhaps higher lines. But there is another reflection to be made. The matchless precision and beauty with which these Chinamen perform is not the fruit of one generation of training nor of three. A long tradition of austere devotion and profoundly dedicated lives is behind them. Ages ago, in dusty villages by the Yang-tse-kiang, strolling acrobats tried the simpler of these tricks. Their remote descendants at the Hippodrome today have left effort in a dim past. Their bodies are almost disembodied and will and achievement have become identical. To such ends man will dedicate himself for generations. His efforts toward higher ends are sullen, sporadic, feeble. He does not know how to love, nor how to govern or be governed, nor how to avoid war or want. He is a perfect juggler.

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International Relations Section

An Interview With Karakhan

By LUDWELL DENNY

Moscow, August 18

M. KARAKHAN, Acting Commissar for Foreign Affairs in Moscow, yesterday in a long conversation outlined for me the future foreign policy of the Soviet Government. He has been kind enough to read over my notes which, together with his corrections, are given below. So far as I know, since the Hague Conference this is the first authoritative or detailed statement of Russia's policy in the West and East.

The Far East

The immediate foreign problem of the RSFSR, and in many ways the most vital, is not in Europe but in Asia. It is our relation to Japan—the basic conflict between our policy on the Pacific and Japan's drive for empire in China and Siberia.

Our policy—a purely unselfish one, for Russia itself is too vast to fear Japanese aggression—was made clear at the recent Dairen Conference. Through the Far East Republic, we asked that the independent nations of the Pacific mainland be allowed to exercise full sovereignty which is their right. We insisted that Japan recognize, not only with diplomatic promises but in acts, the claim of these larger but now weaker states to free development. There is no other solution of the Far Eastern problem; there can be no permanent peace in that part of the world until a sincere settlement along these lines is arrived at. Therefore we cannot and will not whittle away with compromises our demand for the complete and immediate Japanese evacuation of all Siberian territory. Of course Japan has repeatedly declared her intention to evacuate—sometime; but always, even at the Washington Conference, has refused to set the day, the excuse being that her troops remain only to preserve order. Since it is self-evident that such alien military occupation has been the chief cause of perpetuating if not of initiating Siberian unrest, the excuse does not hold water. In the preliminary negotiations at Dairen last spring the Japanese delegates at last agreed to fix the elusive date—and then at the last moment refused to sign. Notes are now being exchanged relating to another conference on the basis of her present promise to evacuate by October 1. The hitch is over the place of meeting: we wish Chita, Pekin, Tokio—any place where the world can follow the negotiations and judge the motives of the participants; she insists on Dairen or Harbin. But the conference will be held.* Differences of opinion may arise over the question of indemnities; if Japan demands reparations for the Nikolaievsk affair, Russia will be forced to present counter claims which we had hoped to forget and forgive in the interests of peace. One of our ablest diplomats, Comrade Joffe, newly appointed ambassador to Pekin, will conduct the negotiations for Russia.

If the United States Government would recognize the Far Eastern Republic the latter's international position would be much strengthened, especially in negotiations with Japan. Frankly, we do not understand the attitude of the State Department in Washington. It professes the Open Door policy—and in this is actuated not only by sentiment but economic self-interest; nevertheless, it withholds the recognition which the Far Eastern Republic deserves, and in so doing presents to Japanese imperialism a weapon much more effective than military occupation. That Japanese troops would not be in Siberia today except for prior American intervention increases the responsibility of the United States Government, but does not move it to act. The enigma is all the greater to us because the Chita Government was created and is conducted after the approved American fashion—constituent assembly, political democracy, and all the rest.

You ask whether any other points of friction will remain between Russia and Japan after the latter's troops have evacuated Siberia. Our task then will be to restore order in the districts along the Pacific coast which are still cursed with counter-revolutionary banditry and anarchy. We hope these elements of disorder will receive no support from Japan. It is to her interest, more than to ours, that commercial life and trade, which wait for the reestablishment of normal conditions, shall begin again.

The same might be said of our hitherto conflicting policies in China. When an adventurer, the tool of Japan, conquered Mongolia, Soviet Russia helped the Mongolians secure their liberty. We shall continue to work for a completely autonomous China. Fortunately, the Japanese position in China becomes increasingly so untenable that Tokio has found a change of policy expedient. But for the support of France—Marshal Joffre's visit to Japan was not altogether a sight-seeing tour, as was subsequently shown at Genoa—that change probably would be more rapid and complete. As it is, the close friendship between China and Russia is not regarded favorably by Tokio, though I do not think this will ever lead to a Russo-Japanese war. Yes, as you suggest, what I have said might imply that ours is the same policy as that of Great Britain and the United States; all of us apparently favor an independent China. But the British and Americans really wish to take the place of Japan in dominating the Chinese. Modern China wishes to stand on its own feet, interference is resented whether from Japan or from Britain, America, or Russia.

The Near East

What of the Middle East? You put it too strongly when you ask whether our purpose is to rout British imperialism. That is not for us to do. Let the peoples concerned choose for themselves. But Russia is determined that they have a choice in the matter. What happened, for instance, in Persia? The British agreement of 1919 left the Persians without a shred of sovereignty; their finances, their rich natural resources, their army, everything of importance came under the influence or control of Downing Street. In 1921 we made our offer: cancellation of Persia's large Russian debt, presentation to her of the telegraph lines, railroads, banks, and concessions which the Czarist government held in the name of humanity for the purpose of capitalistic and imperialistic exploitation. The Persian parliament, despite the persuasive power of English guns and gold, rejected the British alliance and accepted the Russian. What did we receive in return? The most valuable thing one nation can get from another—friendship and cooperation! Soviet Russia has no foreign problem today in the Middle East. On the basis of reciprocity our diplomatic and commercial relations with the countries to the south of us are mutually satisfactory.

The same policy has led us to support the Angora Governmen. The Turkish Nationalists are fighting Western imperialism—Greece is only a catspaw. Here again we have renounced the old claims and ambitions of the Czarist regime, and won the lasting regard of the Turks.

The Little Entente

The situation on our western borders is not so agreeable. Some of the Little Entente governments have made secret military agreements with General Wrangel and the Russian counter-revolutionary emigrants. We do not fear these intervention pacts—the growing internal strength of Soviet Russia makes them harmless; but the motives behind them prevent that renewal of friendly relations between the states of the Little Entente and Russia which could contribute so much to the recon-

* This conference is now being held at Chang-chung.

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struction of Europe. There is really only one vital issue between us and any of our immediate Western neighbors—the Bessarabian. Bessarabia is Russian, not Rumanian. We regard it as in a state of occupation; we shall not compromise.

On the other hand, we have recognized in the Treaty of Riga Poland's possession of Eastern Galicia; we shall abide by that treaty, even though on the whole it is not favorable to us, until Poland scraps it. No, I do not think the events of the last month in Poland suggest the possibility of another war between the two countries. I am aware, of course, that the Warsaw Government has not been successful in its attempt to throw off the French yoke. But my information on the Polish situation indicates that she has sufficient trouble at home without seeking more on her eastern frontier. At any rate her capitalists, needing the Russian market, wish peace—and capitalists often get what they want.

The Western Powers

Germany—? Monarchist terrorism and French folly have so weakened Germany for the moment, the early results expected from the Rapallo Treaty have not yet materialized. But the treaty will stand, and with it much of Russia's future. Without being indifferent to the fate of the Republic, we feel that any government in Berlin would recognize the economic expediency of carrying out the Rapallo Treaty.

Unfortunately a similar agreement was not signed with Italy. The All-Russian Executive Committee having voted that the Rapallo Treaty should be the model for all such agreements, the Council of People's Commissars could not, without exceeding their authority, accept the one prepared along different lines by our delegates and the Italians. But the Executive Committee may ratify it. Whether it is finally approved or another more advantageous to Russia, there is nothing to prevent a treaty between the two countries in the near future.

I cannot speak with such precision of our future relations with the other Powers. But I can say that with The Hague closed a phase of our foreign policy. We shall not be obliged to offer so much again, nor shall we be placed in such an unfair position again. Genoa and The Hague demonstrated to us and to various other governments the futility of collective negotiations at which one or two nations can block a settlement which is acceptable to the majority. The interests of France and England are not the same. France prevented a settlement at Genoa and The Hague; she cannot prevent separate agreements. The road is now open for these separate negotiations—some have already started. We can afford to wait. Time is on our side. Though the Western nations intend to drive a hard bargain, each month Russia grows stronger. We need Western capital, but our existence no longer depends on help from the outside. If it is a question of bargaining, the bargaining in the future will not be all on one side—but the result in the long run, I believe, will be worth more to both.

We wish to establish friendly relations with the United States. Having broken rather unceremoniously with the past, our hope is in the future; naturally we prefer to cooperate with others—such as the United States—whose interest is also in the future. There have been many American experts here investigating us, quite unofficially, of course. I doubt not that the American Government is cognizant of the results of their investigations; and, if I am not mistaken, in the opinion of these gentlemen the Soviet Government is stable and permanent, and Russia is a safer place for the investment of American capital than most other European countries. Moreover, the relief work which America has been carrying on here has done much to remove the barrier of misunderstanding and fear which has separated the two peoples.

The foreign policy of the Soviet Government is to live and let live. We shall make any concessions to bring about the peaceful reconstruction of Europe; but we cannot renounce the Russian revolution. We shall never give up absolute ownership of Russia's natural resources, the property of her people.

The Judicial System of Russia

By A. EPSTEIN

IT is hard for the foreigner to realize the conditions faced by the Soviet Judicial System even now when its power is fully established. The problems of the Soviet courts were difficult and unprecedented. No nation in the world was called upon to decide in such a short period upon so many intricate questions of law and court procedure. What in other countries took scores of years of preparation and general development had to be accomplished in Russia in but a few months. Novel and complete codes of law relating to property, labor, the family, the church, as well as new civil and criminal codes of justice had to be worked out on principles never before enunciated. Russian courts were created in extraordinary times, they were confronted with extraordinary problems, and their methods also had necessarily to be extraordinary.

The courts established immediately after the Bolshevik revolution, known as the Revolutionary Tribunals—an adaptation of the Russians from the practices and necessities of the French Revolution—were primarily fighting instruments and only secondarily courts of judgment. These courts were at first not given even general instructions for their guidance. The decree of November 24, 1917, created these tribunals for "the struggle against counter-revolutionists aiming to destroy the achievements of the revolution, against banditism, theft, graft, peculation, sabotage, and all other evil doings of industrialists, traders, and officials." They were created principally as defensive agencies against all enemies of the revolution and were not so much courts of law as organs of political and social warfare. Their prime function was to defend the revolution at all costs. Only in a supplementary character were they to determine the degree of guilt and act as courts of justice in the true sense.

That many excesses were committed in the early days of the strife is not denied by Russian law officials. They all concede that in the midst of external and internal wars, banditry, army desertions, pogroms, and blockade there was little time to devote to fine points of law and to the writing of statute books. "When cannons roar it's hardly fitting for lawyers to talk," they say. The Revolutionary Tribunals are not unlike the martial law courts in "civilized" governments, which also are not noted for their learning in jurisprudence. "All war is hell," say the Bolsheviks, "and the class war is the most ferocious hell of all." In the struggle for power it was essential to strike, and strike hard. That in such a pitiless struggle, many innocent ones got hurt by mistake was unavoidable, and is frankly admitted. "Only philistines and political imbeciles," the Bolsheviks contend, "can get excited over this fact."

The Communists hold that the policy of terror was unavoidable and is not a permanent institution. To prove that they point to their curtailment of the powers of these courts by establishing definite and detailed codes of criminal and civil law as soon as there was an opportunity to do so; to the jurisdictional limitation of the Revolutionary Tribunals to cases of counter-revolutionary charges only; and finally to the recent abolition of the Extraordinary Commission—the bane of all non-Communists. While the abolition of the latter has been perhaps in name only, it is obvious to anyone in Russia that its powers have been greatly shorn and its work is now under control. It takes more than a mere telephone call to the Cheka nowadays, to have your friend or the person you have a grudge against arrested as a counter-revolutionist. That the courts are class courts, they boast. The Soviet officials challenge the existence of impartial courts. Theirs differ only in that they are frankly for the workers and peasants. Their frequent amnesties and conditional sentences in case of first time offenders is further proof, they claim, of their magnanimous attitude to most criminals.

The above may seem insincere contentions in view of what

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has been written of the Russian judicial system. Were not stories printed in many languages describing in lurid detail the brutalities, torments, cruelties, and horrors of the notorious Cheka? Has it not been proven many a time that "chekists" were bloody, murderous criminals? And has not the world been aroused recently by the trials of the Russian priests and Social Revolutionaries, which called forth protests even from friends of Soviet Russia?

It is not my purpose here to condone or apologize for either the condemnation of the priests or the Social Revolutionaries. I am in hearty agreement with most of the radical persons who protested to the Soviet Government that such executions would be inexcusable and would be most unfortunate for the Soviet's prestige. But one must remember that these are political trials in which precedents must be set. It is true that opponents of the Government can hardly secure a fair trial in Soviet courts—where the judges are all Communists and act both in the capacity of judges and prosecutors; but one must not judge the whole Russian system of justice by such trials only. It would be as unfair to judge our entire judicial procedure by the trials of Communists, I. W. W.'s, and other radicals during the war. Political expediency may make a nation act in ways contrary to its own best convictions. My own conclusion, formed by attending many court trials, by meeting various judges, and by discussing the situation with Kurski, the Commissar of Justice, an old revolutionary jurist and labor attorney, is that Russia's revolutionary system of justice is basically fair and equitable. To understand it one must study it without passion.

The new legal system is centralized in the People's Commissariat of Justice, which formulates all laws, issues instructions and interpretations, and has the power to set aside decisions and verdicts of all courts as illegal and improper. It is also the last instance of appeal and review. The judicial system is divided into two sets of courts, the People's Courts to try ordinary and criminal cases, and the Revolutionary Tribunals with jurisdiction over cases of counter-revolution, graft, and other anti-government offenses. The Revolutionary Tribunals were first to appear, but they are expected to disappear gradually as the Soviet power is strengthened and anti-Soviet activities cease.

The People's Court, which tries almost 98 per cent of all cases, functions in each district and judicial circuit in the country, and in each ward or borough in towns. The number of courts in each district is determined by the provincial central executive committee, according to the population of the district. Each People's Court is composed of one permanent judge, two alternate judges, and six alternate people's jurors. The permanent judge sitting alone may decide such cases as are generally determined by our city and police magistrates. The permanent judge, sitting with the six alternate jurors, hears all cases of capital crime, such as charges of murder in the first and second degrees, burglary, rape, arson, forgery. The permanent judge, sitting with two jurors, hears all petty criminal and civil cases. The permanent judge acts as chairman at the trials and every alternate judge and juror h s equal rights in deciding a case. Decisions are made by majority vote. Dissenting judges may submit a minority opinion. On the first of December, 1921, there were in Russia (exclusive of the Federated Republics) 3,286 such courts, or about one court for every 25,000 people.

The qualifications for permanent justices are: (1) The right to elect and be elected to the Soviets; and (2) at least one of the following requisites: political experience in proletarian organizations such as the Communist Party, the trade unions, cooperatives, shop councils, and soviet departments; some theoretical or practical preparation for the office of people's judge.

An examination of the people's justices in the city and province of Moscow in 1921 sheds some interesting light upon the qualifications of the judges. Of the total 149 justices, there w re 143 men and 6 women. Eighty were Communists, while 69 were non-partisan. Of the 50 judges in Moscow from whom information as to their previous occupations were obtained, there were 16 workers, 18 clerks and office workers, and 16 of various other professions. Regarding the education of the 149 justices it was discovered that 103 had but a lower and beginner's education, 20 had a secondary school training, 5 completed a higher school, while 21 had a higher legal training. For Russia as a whole, 72 per cent of the permanent justices possessed only a lower education, 10 per cent had gone through a middle school, while 18 per cent had graduated from a higher course. It is frankly admitted that in many instances the educational equipment of the judges is very low—many being hardly able to read and write. Attempts are now being made to organize short training courses for people's judges. Only about 35 per cent of these justices are members of the Communist Party.

In cities where local soviets exist, permanent people's judges are elected by those bodies from candidates submitted by their respective executive committees. In counties and towns having no local judicial soviets they are chosen by the district executive committee. All judges must be approved by the Provincial Central Executive Committee after confirmation by the provincial Commissariat of Justice. People's judges may at any time be removed from office by the soviets that elected them.

Court proceedings may be conducted in all languages. In formulating decisions judges are guided by the decrees of the Soviet Government. In cases of the absence of a corresponding decree the court is to be guided by its socialist sense of justice. All references to laws of previous governments are prohibited. The people's judges have a good deal of range in imposing punishment, but this cannot exceed five years' imprisonment. They have no right to render death sentences. In 1919, 37.2 per cent were given sentences of six months or less. In 1920 the number of such sentences was 29.9 per cent.

The law provides that every citizen held under arrest must be given a preliminary examination by the people's judge or by an examining magistrate not later than three days after arrest. In conjunction with each division of the Commissariat of Justice, there is established a college of counsels for the defense and prosecution. Soviet prosecutors must be such persons as may appear in public meetings, and if they are not party members must be familiar with the soviet apparatus or the trade union movement. These are elected by the provincial executive committees. Counsels for the defense are drawn by the People's Courts from citizens capable of fulfilling such functions. All persons who by their profession or education are capable of performing this duty may be called upon by the court to act as counsels for the defense. When an accuser is admitted in a trial the procuring of a counsel for defense is obligatory upon the court. The court may also permit as counsels for defense members of the accused's trade union, shop council, as well as his near relatives. Recently the system of attorneys has practically been reestablished and both sides may be represented by private lawyers after permission has been secured from the Commissariat of Justice. A certain percentage of the attorney's fee goes to the court. In civil cases each side may request the removal of a judge or juror. Both sides have the right to summarize their cases at the end of a trial. To the defendant is reserved the last word.

There are no ceremonies connected with the People's Court except that when decisions are read everybody stands up. Decisions of the People's Courts are final. Appeals in the order of review may be lodged with the Council of People's Judges within two weeks after a verdict has been rendered. The latter is made up of all the people's judges in the province or corresponding separate territorial unit. This Council of People's Judges examines all cases of complaint and review from the decisions of the people's judges. It is made up of a permanent chairman and two to five associate justices and the people's judges who participate in the sessions alternately. The latter are called out for that purpose from the province for periods of two weeks. The Council may cancel and change the verdicts and decisions of the People's Courts when they are found unjust or illegal. In 1921

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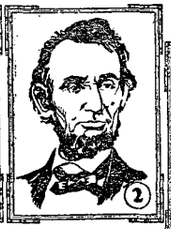

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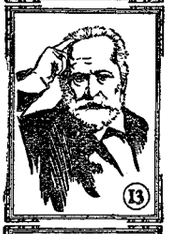

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of the cases appealed to this Council two-thirds were upheld, while one-third was changed.

The number of cases decided in the People's Courts in 1920 amounted to 1,623,604. During the first six months of 1921 there were lodged with these courts 956,814 cases, while 790,435 were decided during the same time. Of the latter 75 per cent were criminal, 16 per cent civil, and 9 per cent were divorce cases. Sixty-eight per cent of the persons tried were found guilty, while 32 per cent were freed. Of those convicted 39 per cent were sentenced to imprisonment, 30 per cent to compulsory labor without imprisonment, 16 per cent were fined, 7 per cent were punished through public censure, and 8 per cent were punished in various other ways. It is interesting to point out that the percentage given imprisonment terms has increased steadily since the first half of 1920, while the percentage fined has decreased considerably. Of those sentenced to imprisonment 48 per cent were given suspended sentences, but if they should commit another offense they must pay the penalty for both.

Interesting crime data, which also gives a picture of Russian life, is furnished by the People's Courts of the city and province of Moscow. Of more than 60,000 cases tried during the first eight months of 1921, 83 per cent were criminal, 11 per cent civil, and 6 per cent divorce cases. As compared with the previous year the civil cases increased 40 per cent, due to the adoption of the new economic policy. Seventy-two per cent of the persons tried were found guilty, thus showing both a higher rate of crime and a greater percentage of convictions in the big city. Seventy-five per cent of the punishments did not involve imprisonment. The data in regard to the accused is significant. Seventy-five per cent of the persons accused were men, and 25 per cent women. Of these, 20 per cent were under 21 years of age. The leading occupations of those found guilty were as follows: workers 30 per cent, clerks and office workers 28 per cent, unemployed 16 per cent, Red Army soldiers 10 per cent.

The leading crime among the workers was theft, 41 per cent being so charged. Among government officials graft was the leading indictment; 26 per cent were tried for this offense. Of the accused women, 30 per cent were charged with larceny, 17 per cent with abuse and insult, and 11 per cent with the manufacture of liquor. Crimes generally increased in the latter part of 1921 as food became less and less, and continued to rise tremendously as the winter and spring bore on. During the three months of July to September, 1921, crime in the province of Moscow alone increased 11 per cent, as compared with the first three months of that year. The convicted made up 2.8 per cent of the population for the city of Moscow and 1.6 per cent for the province. The total jail population in New York State in 1920, when the "crime wave" was high, amounted to less than 1 per cent of the population. The effects of famine on crime may be seen from figures given for seven famine provinces as compared with that throughout Russia for February, 1921 and 1922. In the famine provinces crimes against property increased from 21.4 per cent in February, 1921, to 53.4 per cent in February, 1922, while crimes against persons increased from 2.9 per cent to 4.9 per cent during the same period, increases of about 150 per cent and 100 per cent respectively. All through Russia crimes against property increased during the same period from 25.4 per cent to 48.5 per cent, while crimes against persons fell from 3.4 per cent to 3.1 per cent. The relation of distress to crime cannot be shown more glaringly.

The Revolutionary Tribunals, as already pointed out, deal with cases of counter-revolution, army desertions, sabotage, espionage, graft, banditry, and all other anti-Soviet activities. Cases are sent to these courts by the Extraordinary Commission and the other special divisions dealing with anti-government activities. Revolutionary Tribunals are established only in the provincial capitals. Cities of more than 200,000 population may establish a Revolutionary Tribunal by special permission from the Department of Justice.

The Revolutionary Tribunal is made up of a chairman and two associate justices. One of the three must be a member of the local council of the Cheka. The same qualifications as for people's judges are required of members of these tribunals. Justices are elected for three months by the provincial soviets. They may be reelected or removed before that time, however. These courts are not restricted as to the means of punishment to be meted out. They may impose capital sentences. According to an article in the April issue of the Bulletin of the Department of Justice, all the members of the Revolutionary Tribunals are Communists. Only 6 per cent had a higher education, 17 per cent received a secondary training, while 77 per cent had an elementary education. Forty-six per cent of the judges were workers, 42 per cent peasants, and 8 per cent were formerly engaged in legal practice.

The admission of prosecutors and counsels for the defense is decided by the Revolutionary Tribunal. In case a prosecutor has been admitted to the accused a counsel for the defense is obligatory. All hearings are open and free to the public. The defendant has a right to ask questions of the witnesses as well as to make explanations at any time during the trial. He must be given the last word. Decisions are made by majority vote.

Aside from the Provincial Revolutionary Tribunals there is also a Supreme All-Russian Revolutionary Tribunal, which exists in conjunction with the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, elected by and responsible to this body only. It is this court which has been trying the Social Revolutionaries recently. No appeals whatsoever may be made from the decisions of this court, but its verdicts may be stayed by the Presidium of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee. The Supreme Tribunal has also the right to revise, control, and supervise all the decisions of the Provincial Revolutionary Tribunals. The special tribunals which were notorious for their excesses during the first few years have now been practically abolished.

The Provincial Revolutionary Tribunals tried 18,606 cases during the first six months of 1921. Of these 13 per cent were for counter revolution, 28 per cent for graft and official transgressions, 6 per cent for illegal speculation, and 53 per cent for all other crimes, such as desertion and criminal cases in general. In the first six months of 1920, 19 per cent of the cases were for counter revolution. The percentage of other crimes increased from 46 to 53 for the same period. Of those tried in 1921, 83 per cent were found guilty, which is considerably higher than those convicted in the People's Courts. Only 5 per cent of these received death sentences, which marks a steady decline as compared to the first six months of 1920, when 11 per cent of those convicted were shot. While in the earlier period 62 per cent were given imprisonment terms, 78 per cent were thus punished in 1921. Forty-five per cent of those sentenced to confinement were given conditional sentences. Four per cent were punished through public censure.

Even more striking data was given by the Moscow Revolutionary Tribunal which tried a total of 3,272 persons during the four years 1918-1921. It indicates that as the soviet power was strengthened fewer people were charged with counter-revolutionary attempts, while the distressing economic conditions were responsible for an increase in crime and graft. The percentage found guilty of counter-revolutionary attempts declined from 24.2 in 1918 to 2.1 in 1921. On the other hand, theft and speculation with government goods increased from 29.8 to 39 per cent, while graft and violations of official duty rose from 15.7 to 28.4 per cent during the same period. Criminal cases in general increased from 15.8 per cent in 1920 to 35.5 per cent in 1921. As would be expected in these courts the majority of persons tried were not from the working class. As to the punishments meted out during these four years 194 or 7.4 per cent were sentenced to be shot. Many of these, it is claimed, were later commuted. Sixty per cent of those convicted were given terms of imprisonment.

Because of the tremendous increase in crime, conditions in Russian prisons in 1921 were unspeakable. They were all overcrowded and in many places it was officially reported that the prisoners were given only from one-half to a quarter of a pound of bread a day.

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